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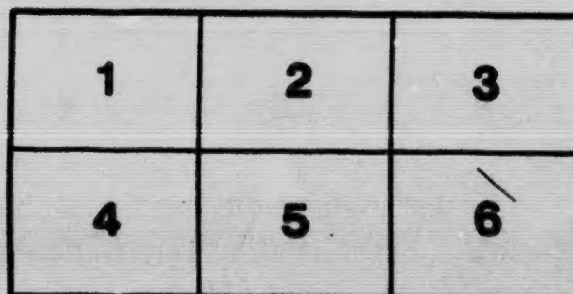
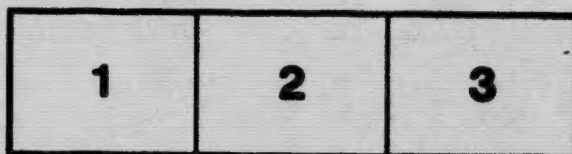
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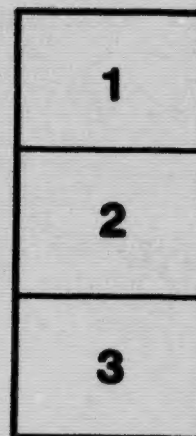
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POEMS

HON. SIR JOHN HAYDON, M.P.



Can.  
Pam.  
H

Hagarty, John H.

# POEMS

Mary J. Morgan  
1902

BY THE LATE

**HON. SIR JOHN HAWKINS HAGARTY**

FORMERLY CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.

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1902.

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1902

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## MEMORANDUM.

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**A** SEPTUAGENARIAN, afflicted in his youth with a verse making malady in an acute form, finds among his ancient rhyming diversions the fo'lowing "Legend," which seemed to his partial judgment less worthy of cremation than the residue. It is to him a memory of the thoughts and dreams of "sweet three-and-twenty," and it is offered to the perusal of a few private friends.

The "Legend" is that of Eucles the soldier who, after being wounded in the battle, ran from Marathon to Athens (22 miles) and fell dead as he spake the words "Rejoice! we triumph!" (*Χαίρετε νικῶμεν*). He has probably viewed the architectural glory of Athens as of the age of Pericles rather than of Marathon.



## A LEGEND OF MARATHON

*Χαίρετε νικῶμεν.*

**C**ITY of Gods ! Upon thy storied brow,  
Day's last magnificence is streaming now ;  
O'er earth and sea thy sunset glories weave  
Their arch of splendour round the dying eve—  
A violet flush upon Hymettus' steep,  
A lingering crimson on Ægina's deep,  
Thron'd in thy place of pride, the sunset's kiss  
Fires thy white crest, shrine-crown'd Acropolis.—  
The East grows dim, but round thy marbled height,  
Yet floats the filmy crown of violet light.  
The sunset charm—the air-born splendour given  
To make thy lucid sky fit mask for heaven.

Faultless and pure, each shafted temple's crest  
Sleeps on the violet air's pellucid breast—  
Vision of beauty—born in poet's heart,  
Shaped into life by old enchantment's art !  
High above all in splendour soft and warm,  
Looms the tall semblance of a martial form,  
A warrior Phantom Queen-like and alone,  
The champion Goddess on her Attic throne ;  
The dying sun yet leaves one burning glance,  
To flame upon her zenith-pointing lance  
As in her grasp a lightning flash it glow'd—  
So watched Athenæ o'er her loved abode !

The rose flush fades—on eastern hill and stream  
The earliest stars through twilight mantle gleam,  
And the full summer moon hangs fair and still  
On the far outline of Pentelic hill—



As if, in truth, the minstrel legend told  
The graceful fiction of the nights of old,  
How, mortal-like upon that sylvan brow,  
She paused to hear an earthly lover's vow.

---

Endymion ! Endymion !  
High on the grassy peak of Latmus dreaming !  
The white moon bathes thy graceful form  
In radiance soft and warm  
Orbing a beauteous shape of God-like seeming ;  
Rouse thee to waking bliss !  
Thy fair lip woos the kiss  
Of Artemis !

White-orbed Artemis !  
Linger—oh, linger in thy beauty still  
On this green Attic hill—  
Latmus and Love await thee everywhere,  
When deepening twilight hails thy beauteous light,  
Silvering the eastern height  
Aptest of hours for passion's vow and prayer,  
Love's legends sing no sweeter myth than this ;  
Endymion—Artemis !

---

Half circled in the chestnut wood  
That round its flickering shadow flung,  
Just o'er Ilissus' starlit flood  
A light aerial fabric sprung—  
A mingled shape, half fane, half bower,  
Rose the fair structure's vernal grace—  
A spot where music, scent and flower  
Should greet the Genius of the place.  
In the rich moon light's calm repose—  
All beautiful the fabric rose  
Light as the filmy shade they flung,  
Graceful the snow-white columns sprung,

With sculptur'd base and fluted side  
Crown'd with acanthus' mimic pride—  
Round glistening freize and polished shaft  
A wilderness of roses laugh'd,  
Clasping the column's leafy crown—  
Flinging green tangled tresses down  
Till, buried in their glossy twine  
The eye half lost the flowery shrine.

No dread Olympian there would dwell  
Screen'd in the lowly green-wood shade,  
Where Love alone its vow would tell,  
And flowers the only offerings made—  
Seem'd it the home of some kind Power  
Content to bide by stream and flower,  
Mayhap some Shape of wave or grove  
Some phantasy of youthful love  
Whose voice might haunt the lowly shrine  
Half fanciful—but still divine—  
From singing fount and whispering trees :—  
Voicing Æolian harmonies—  
The Dryad glanc'd through green old wood  
The Naiad sprang from sparkling flood—  
Till forest mount and green recess  
Had each its haunting Loveliness.

The old Greek, dreaming in the shade  
Of bower, beside some limpid wave,  
Drank the sweet sounds its music made,  
As voice the local Genius gave—  
The cataract leap'd joyous down—  
The red bolt clove the thunder cloud—  
The tempest smote the forest crown—  
The mountain rose through misty shroud—  
Vision and Power and thunder sound  
Took Godhead's form and altar found.

It was a creed for Earth's fresh prime—  
Her Morning-land of young romance,

Tuneful with earliest Minstrel's rhyme—  
Flushed in her Sun-God's kindling glance—  
It was a web of earthly frame  
Lit by a Glory, downward given ;  
Its woof was Beauty, Valour, fame—  
Its hues, what Poets dream'd of heaven.  
And kindling eye and bended knee  
Worship'd in rapt idolatry !

It was a creed of light and grace,  
Of soaring thought and strain sublime,  
Meet for an old heroic race,  
For dwellers in a sun-lit clime—  
It scattered o'er their glorious land  
Fair shrines, earth's fairer haunts to bless  
Where—graven by Art's immortal hand,  
Rose crown'd, each wandering Loveliness,  
And o'er truth's dazzled eyes it threw  
A fairy veil of golden hue.

Scorn not the fictions of the Past,  
Their erring votaries' vows and prayers,  
Their Heaven in earthly mould was cast,  
But Faith—impassion'd Faith—was theirs—  
O'er altar crushed—o'er ruined fane—  
Some heart of poet-mould might yearn,  
To hail the world's fresh youth again—  
Its Morningland of Faith return—  
The old fair dream—Life—flowers and smiles,  
And o'er Death's wave—the "Blessed Isles."

---

Now listen ! From the rustic shrine  
Low voices haunt the summer air ;  
Look through the veil of rose and vine :  
Two half-seen forms are lingering there,  
Lingering beneath that flickering shade,  
With Night's soft veil their tryst to cover,  
Masking the blushes of the maid,  
The bright eye of the earnest lover.

Fair is the striplings's graceful mien,  
Half-soft—half-proud—his youthful form,  
And fair to lure the Altar's Queen  
With fire of earth her heart to warm—  
And she—a fitful moon ray now  
Robes her light form in snowy light ;  
She hath upturn'd a glowing brow  
To meet the watcher's ardent sight.  
Aye—Beauty's votary well to her  
May bend a raptur'd worshipper.

They sat within their pleasant bower,  
The starlit river sang below—  
And thoughts were theirs that golden hour,  
When youth and hope alone can know ;  
Enough—they lov'd—our modern heart  
The same old touch of magic thrills—  
Sweet Love has learn'd no fresher art  
Than that which blessed the Attic hills,  
And moon and vale and rippling river  
The same soft tale may hear forever.

But who the Maiden and the Youth ?  
Theirs' yet a tale of homely truth—  
The Maiden's sire long, long ago,  
When life was in its morning glow,  
Bade that light fane in beauty spring,  
To Love's sweet Queen, his offering—  
A fairer form was by his side ;  
A hearth delight—a new-made Bride ;  
Whose girlhood saw the Sun-God's smile  
Flash o'er her native Delian isle,  
In the blue zone of sparkling seas  
That clasps the sun bless'd Cyclades.  
She grew—she loved—young Mæon bore  
His bride to bless his Attic shore,  
And years flowed on—till dark to tell,  
On their fair home a shadow fell—  
Her eye grew dim, her faint heart prayed  
To see once more the Delian shade.

'Twas done—she trod her native glen,  
Kiss'd the old Altarstone again—  
Bent o'er her island mother's grave—  
Then bade farewell to vale and wave.  
Fresh blew the joyous breeze for home ;  
The galley cleft the Ægean foam,  
And o'er the wave at evening close  
On Sunium's steep white columns rose ;  
The autumn sun in lurid light  
Sank o'er Ægina's distant height.  
From Parnes' crest a cloudy plume  
Stream'd stern and threatening through the gloom ;  
Down from Cithæron's far off caves  
A wild blast lash'd the rising waves.  
Next morn the landsmen throng the shore,  
The Delian galley was no more !  
Down the sharp crags they search and found  
A form half senseless on the ground—  
Safe in his arms an infant smiled ;  
'Twas Mæon and his rescued child.  
Though home's sweet voice its welcome gave,  
His heart was 'neath the cruel wave.  
He lived to watch each summer ope  
The lonely blossom of his hope ;  
'Life's joys and fears her lot befel—  
The rest—the star-lit shrine may tell.

Who the fair youth ? Young Eucles' name ;  
Yet noteless in the roll of Fame.  
His sword yet kept its maiden blade  
Twin'd in the peaceful myrtle shade ;  
Yet sprung the youth from noble race  
Of martial fame and lofty place ;  
Brave deeds and well won honors mark  
His stately sire, the Polemarch.\*  
High dreams were his—aspirings bold—  
Child of the old Athenian mould.  
The thoughtful brain, the high puls'd heart,  
The slave of beauty's dazzling art—

---

\* The War Archon.



That watch'd the tinted clouds float by,  
O'er crystal wave or sunset sky,  
That watch'd the Satyr chase the Faun,  
The Dryad's footstep skim the lawn—  
That saw the graceful Naiad rise  
Through noonday fountain's rainbow dyes.  
The fading of eve's lingering light,  
The first star, tremulously bright,  
The noon-tide hush on forest bowers,  
The voice of streams—the breath of flowers.

For him all earth and lucid heaven  
Seemed but for Beauty's worship given,  
But when the War-Bard's fiery lay  
Chas'd the soft dreams of peace away,  
O'er the bold notes his spirit heard  
The trumpet call—the charging word,  
And kindling heart and throbbing breath  
Ask'd Victor's crown or Honour's death !

Such are the Maiden and the Youth,  
Lift not sweet Night thy starry veil.  
Speak not—thou cold eyed prophet, Truth.  
Their love is yet a fairy tale—  
Vex not their dream of peace and rest—  
Their star is setting in the West !

\* \* \* \*

War from the East ! The startling 'larum fills  
The fear-wing'd echoes of the Attic hills—  
From Thracian peak to Sparta's farthest cave  
Rings the dread tale—"the Persians on the wave !"  
Woe to Athenæ ! Dust on crown and shrine—  
The Gods frown dark on Cecrops fated line !  
Last eve from Andros o'er the Ægean deep  
The watch beheld the Orient tempest sweep  
And toward the Attic shore slow heaving on  
Seek thy lone Bay—yet noteless Marathon—

Thou art awake ! bright spirit of the Free—  
The old Greek's life—immortal Liberty !  
The flame burns clear on thine eternal shrine,  
The bold winds float thine ancient battle sign,  
Flash up red beacon from the War-God's height—  
Speak thy dread teachings to the ear of night—  
From far Laconian Cape to Delphi's steep  
O'er the brave land the martial summons sweep—  
Age to the rampart—woman to the shrine—  
The land's stern Manhood to the battle line!

\* \* \* \*

Sun-set on Marathon !—The tinted Bay,  
Heaves with the Persians war ships vast array—  
O'er the green shore is pour'd the Orient flood  
Chieftain and serf in glittering multitude,  
Far up along the western barrier hills  
A scanty band the mountain passes fills  
There, watchful Athens, camps thy banded might  
There thy last guardians wait the morrow's fight.

Slow sank the lingering beam—Ten thousand eyes  
Watch'd with last glance how summer sunset dies.  
On yon high rock behind the Greek array,  
A soldier gazes at the parting day.  
Far down the golden track a distant beam  
May float, Ilissus, on thy darkening stream.  
That pencill'd flush so tremulously fine  
Must gild that happy spot—the lover's shrine.  
Another hour, and soft eyed stars will hover  
O'er that sweet haunt of loving maid and lover—  
'Tis there—young Dreamer ! When thy faltering arm  
May need the magic of some potent charm,  
Then let Love's vision to thy memory come—  
Then let the Persian feel, thou strik'st for home !

\* \* \* \*

Night on the Attic hills !—  
Night on the darken'd West !  
Night of impending sorrow—brooding ills—  
Fears—hopes, and fierce unrest.

The air is heavy with the moaning surge  
Gathering to thunder on the Ægean verge—  
Free homes and shrines—a Nation's upward Life  
Trembling upon the issues of the strife—  
Must Progress, Genius, Arts in matin glow,  
Sink in barbaric overflow?  
Freedom's fair realm in slavery's grasp down-press'd?  
Night on the darken'd West!

Dawn on the Attic hills!  
The supreme hour draws nigh.  
Not thus the awakening World its weird fulfils—  
Not thus must freedom die—  
Not thus the ripening harvest of free thought  
Be reaped and crush'd to naught—  
War's crimson annals wait their noblest name,  
Man's victory of holiest fame—  
Through fearless hearts the land's rich life blood  
thrills,  
Dawn on the Attic hills!

\* \* \* \*

Hushed the lone Bay—save on the darken'd shore.  
Where waves sang faint in melancholy roar,  
Dark floods of shadow in the changeful sky.  
With Morn's far outposts battling silently;  
No warlike breathing stirr'd the quiet air,  
No trumpet told a world in arms was there,  
The Persian thousands on the sands were still,  
The Hope of Athens girt the distant hill.  
The Satrap slumber'd in his silken tent—  
The hardy Greek on grassy pillow bent—  
Far off on Rhamnæ's\* shrine night's darkest cloud  
Hung 'neath the failing stars a giant shroud,  
As there its awful Queen her wings unfurl'd,  
Black Nemesis, the 'Venger of the World!

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\*Temple of Nemesis at Rhamnæ or Rhamnos.

Look out ! Along Eubœa's mountain height  
Floats a cold stream of melancholy light—  
Seaward it spreads. Gray Ocha's barren steep  
Heaves its huge shape above the leaden deep.  
The mists grow pale, the mountain's kindling pride  
Strips the grey mantle from his giant side.  
On ghostly peak, and o'er the waves dim blue,  
Breathes the faint semblance of a warmer hue,  
The first glad smile—as Eos' touch unbars  
The gates of morn to blind the failing stars—  
Wake bird and flower, green earth and Ocean's sweep,  
The blush of Delos kindles o'er the deep !

Magnificently calm the silent Dawn  
With pomp and state and flush comes journeying on,  
Gorgeous and slow, like some high Glory's birth,  
Its arch of splendor spans the dewy Earth ;  
Rise from the wave ! Give earth another day,  
To light her stormy annals—far away  
Down the red waves of war—and when the strife  
Grows dark for Freedom battling for her life,  
Then shower thy blaze of Victory upon  
Some glorious field like this—O Sun of Marathon !

The hour draws nigh, yet silence broods  
On all those voiceless multitudes—  
Those thousands on the wave—  
Still sleeps yet noteless Marathon  
As if its gray hills watch'd alone  
A solitary grave.

A trumpet on the Crimson Dawn !  
A hundred echoes hurrying on  
The war-cry's wakening strain.  
From yon hill fastness seems to rise  
That burst of martial harmonies,  
Peak answering peak again !  
There, half reveal'd, a stern array  
Is arming for the battle day—

Thy trumpet, Athens, rends the air  
Thy gallant host is gathering there—  
And mountain crest and crag and brake  
Bid their own slumbering echoes wake—  
To swell the glorious call ;  
Gray Rhamnæ's vengeance-shrining piles—  
Pentelicus, thy green defiles  
Answer exultant all !

High o'er the Athenians' silent bands  
Their Chief—a radiant Phantom—stands,  
Helm, cuirass, shield and falchion drawn  
Resplendent in the golden dawn—  
On yon low hillock's grassy mound.  
As Genius of the battle ground—  
A Glory, radiant from afar—  
Incarnate archetype of War—  
That dreaming Victors see !  
Seems it some shape of old renown,  
The Pythian stoop'd from Delphi's crown ;  
The War-God from his hill come down  
In Heaven's bright panoply !  
High o'er his glittering crest, above  
In the blue air the bird of Jove  
Wheels on exulting wing—  
A shining star of flame, up bore  
In the rich golden light of morn,  
He floats—that bold eyed King !  
High on a blue Thessalian peak  
He caught the pale morn's earliest streak,  
And hither wing'd his fiery way  
To watch how heroes strive to-day.  
Hark his shrill scream ! his sounding wheel,  
As revelling in the flash of steel,  
His pæan rings on high !  
With beating heart the warriors note  
The glorious omen o'er them float,  
And murmur " Victory ! "



The sunlight floods the golden sands  
 Gods ! 'Tis a dread—a glorious sight—  
 The wakening of the Persian bands,  
 The Orient arming for the fight !  
 List ! from the Satrap's glittering tent  
 A mighty trumpet voice is sent  
 And down the uprising lines, afar,  
 Answers each brazen tongue of war.  
 From fleet and camp the Persian pours  
 His bright ranks on the sounding shores ;  
 Wave upon wave—a sparkling flood  
 A mail'd and banner'd multitude—  
 To be after tribe—the hurrying lines  
 Press where each Chieftain's standard shines ;  
 First Persia—thine " Immortals " band  
 The veteran warriors of the land,  
 The " Great King's " guards, triumphant rear  
 The gold pomegranates on the spear\*  
 Next in array the gallant Mede  
 Springs to the front with martial speed :  
 The Bactrian from his desert came  
 With swarthy brow and glance of flame ;  
 And Scythia from her forests pour'd  
 The Sacæ's fierce and restless horde  
 The Thracian came from Strymon's rills,  
 Chaldea from her starlit hills,  
 The Parthian fill'd his deadly quiver,  
 With reeds that waved by Oxus' river—  
 And Caspian lake and Euxine isles  
 Pour'd to the war their savage files,  
 There the Sagartian Shepherds band  
 The lasso whirl with deadly hand  
 Each vassal tribe its warriors sent,  
 From Cissian waste—from Arab tent—  
 Wild steed and wilder lord—  
 The Eastern world in arms !—to seek  
 On Attic soil the heroic Greek  
 The patriot's fearless sword !

---

\* See Herodotus.

Hush'd the vast host—no warlike sound  
 Breaks from the camp's extended bound.  
 Mark ! where yon sea-rock's barren steep  
 Looks eastward o'er the kindling deep —  
 Twelve radiant Shapes stand silent there  
 Like statues in the golden air,  
 Round each tall form a robe of snow  
 Floats with a fair and holy glow,  
 O'er each bowed head the myrtle's fold  
 Clasps the tiara's burnished gold—  
 Knowest thou, those ancient rites ?  
 No vaulted arch their praise confines,  
 Not theirs the pomp of labour'd shrines,  
 Their Sun-God boasts a nobler home  
 His own broad Heaven's illumin'd dome—  
 His shrines the mountain heights—  
 Green earth and dawn-flush'd Sea—  
 Bold, the rude creed their Founder taught  
 From Reason's simple childhood caught ;  
 An erring Faith, yet half divine  
 Wandering from Truth's eternal line,  
 But scarce Idolatry !  
 Simple the rites—Each white stoled Priest  
 Stands gazing on the sun-flush'd East—  
 Whence radiant from his ocean Dawn—  
 Their glorious King comes journeying on.  
 Towards his bright car each hand lifts up  
 In the blue heaven the golden cup—  
 On high the rich libations pour'd,  
 Their Flame-God's mounting orb's ador'd—  
 Sinks to the earth the mighty host  
 In breathless adoration lost—  
 And vows are breath'd and pray'r is said,  
 The Guebre veils his cowering head,  
 Till the dread rites are told—  
 And the awed spirit feels that hour  
 The influence of a present power  
 His God, above him, rolled !

Rich sunlight on the upland wolds  
But o'er each gorge and shadowy pass  
A fresh spring mist of autumn folds  
The stern Athenian's gathering mass—  
Stirs the far foe? Ha! Scout draw near,  
Bend low to earth thy watchful ear—  
The Leader's call—the clash of mail—  
Break muffled from the filmy veil,  
Now one long shout—the grey mist round  
Waves, shuddering at the piercing sound—  
And all is still—Thy warning speak—  
“They come—they come, the Greek—the Greek!”

Up spring the bright ranks of the East!  
The vows are told—the rites have ceased—  
Room—room! The Satrap's golden car—  
Is flashing down the marshall'd war.  
From tribe to tribe the warnings flow,  
“Yon blue mist shrouds the charging foe!”  
“Mark its grey folds—a martial storm  
“Is gathering in that misty form!”  
It moves—Tall shapes of shadowy gloom,  
Seem tramping through its cloudy womb.  
Rings from its depths a sudden clash—  
Leaps to the sun a lance's flash—  
One moment more—the breeze hath toss'd  
The shroud aside that veil'd the host—  
Shield, cuirass, helm with sudden light  
Flash to the sun in blinding might—  
Ten thousand men, array'd for fight,  
Sweep o'er the brightening lawn;  
No trumpet breathes its stormy notes—  
No banner'd pomp above them floats—  
So the stern Greek comes on!  
They halt—one moment—cast around  
Brief survey of the battle ground—  
The next—their trumpet chorus peals—  
Swift into line the column wheels,

Down the long lances go ;  
Forth to the winds their banners' given—  
One fiery shout they ring to Heaven  
Then burst upon the foe !

The thunder of the charging word  
Long, long the mountain echoes stir'd,  
But ere its martial cadence fell—  
Fresh war-shouts burst to aid it well—  
Before the misty lawn he cross'd  
The bold Greek marshall'd forth his host—  
The left—Platæa's stern array—  
Swept downward toward the northern bay,  
And grappled with a countless band  
From Lydian and Chaldean land.  
The fierce War-Archon led the right,  
Skirting the upland's lessening height—  
And by the eastern marsh's marge  
Burst on the Med. in stormy charge—  
Loud swells the battle chorus out,  
Answering the Centre's onset shout—

On burst the Centre's fierce advance  
With lower'd targe and levell'd lance—  
High o'er the ranks each warrior sees  
Thy glittering crest, Themistocles !  
(This field the nurse of thy renown—  
Blue Salamis thy triumph crown)  
That fearless war cry on the air  
Tells, Aristides combats there—  
No halt—no pause—the fiery van  
Leaps on the Persian man to man—  
But ere on helm one falchion rung,  
Ere arrow sped, or javelin flung,  
From the front rank a warlike form  
Sprang—like the lightning from the storm,  
And clove with swift and deadly blow  
The foremost warrior of the foe—

Greek !"

Down the bright banner sinks !  
A wild shout from th' Athenian line,  
Brave Eucles, hails the deed as thine !  
Thy blade the first blood drinks—  
The rush of Persia's charging host  
Makes answer to the vengeful boast  
As, fearless in their countless might  
They grapple in the desperate fight !

On Marathon the day was young  
When the first battle trumpet rung ;  
But noon received the westering sun  
Ere carnage stayed or fight was won.  
Long, long the Centre's stubborn strength  
Bore the fierce fight's exhausting length,  
On—on the Orient's warlike flood  
Press'd in exhaustless multitude.  
Till faintness seiz'd the thinn'd array—  
Tired wax'd the arm upraised to slay.

Stand fast for home ! The foes divide  
As parted by some rushing tide—  
They come ! the Cissians, Arabs, Medes.  
A deluge of impetuous steeds—  
High o'er their ranks the golden car  
Tells that the Satrap guides the war ;  
As bursting through the storm of fight,  
They dash on Athens' staggering might—  
Stand fast for home—Down lance and targe—  
Hurl back the Horsemen's foaming charge,  
Vain rallying shouts and Chief's appeals—  
The pierc'd and shatter'd column reels  
And backward borne, retreating slow,  
Still turning fiercely on the foe,  
Till the rough upland slopes they gain  
Where crag and hillock break the plain—  
Broken by gorge and rocky knoll  
The eddying tides of battle roll—



There, back to back a desperate band  
Steadfast to death the foe withstand ;  
Here a stern handfull flank'd by rock  
Repulse a charging thousand's shock—  
Rages in fiercer life, the fray,  
For life—for home—the Greek at bay !

Woe to the Virgin City now,  
Dust on Athenæ's ancient brow !  
Stern Pallas by her snow-white fane  
Hears her pale votaries prayer in vain—  
Unpitied Jove's dread bolt is still  
Red Mars is silent on his hill—  
Ilissus ! let thy wailing flow  
Sing to the sea the dirge of woe—  
Woe to Athenæ, woe !

Sudden the headlong onsets stay,  
The roar of battle dies away—  
As, upward from the distant plain,  
Floats a far trumpets' warning strain—  
Then herald horsemen spurring fast  
With waving arm and bugle blast—  
Till down the plain retreating slow,  
Backward the reflux war-tides flow.

Instant as paused the assailing storm,  
The bold Greeks scatter'd ranks reform,  
Press to the front, and gaze afar  
Down the red landscape of the war—  
Glad vision theirs ! Far down the plain  
Rings their own war-cry's kindling strain.  
Wesward, Platæa's gallant ranks  
Are charging home on Persia's flanks—  
Stern shouts are echoing from the right,  
Where the War Archon heads the fight—  
And mail and targe and tall war-horse  
Shrink from his charging spearmen's course.

With fresh-won strength—with hope new found  
The centre treads the battle ground,  
With sore-thinn'd ranks, still firm and bold,  
Down the red plain—the dead scarce cold—  
O'er slain and dying, friend and foe—  
The reflux wave of war must flow ;  
Pause not, brave hearts, though comrade hands  
Are waved to greet your passing bands ;  
Though from the dying and the dead  
Some comrade lifts a fainting head ;  
And Life's last gladness lights the eye  
That sees your vengeful ranks sweep by ;  
Then sinking back to happy death ;  
Ye hear him gasp with latest breath  
A faint-voiced " Victory ! "

Before them gathering stern and fast  
At chieftain's call and trumpet blast  
The Orient's scattered lines unite  
To swell their centre's rallying might—  
The reflux wave of broken ranks  
Streams inward from the vanquished flanks,  
Dust and gore on painted vest,  
Gay plume shorn from stately crest,  
Blood on point of standard lance—  
For pennon lit by sunbeam's glance—  
But bravely ranged in gallant show  
Their wall of steel confronts the foe.

Once more the war-flames leap to life—  
Once more they close in deadliest strife ;  
Sudden—some voice of fearful power  
Swells o'er the battles stormiest hour.  
There ! toward the right ! what echoes speak,—  
Mark there the tumult of the Greek !  
What startles their confus'd array,  
Shout they in triumph or dismay ?

Now, all is hush'd—the battle roar  
Breaks from the awe-struck ranks no more  
The summer waves upon the shore  
Are almost heard to flow !  
Gods of our faith ! What awful Shade\*  
Gigantic in the sunlight made,  
O'er silent hosts and ranks dismayed,  
Is floating stern and slow !  
Jove ! See yon temple on the height  
Hath oped its gates with hidden might,  
The westering Sun's declining light  
Streams through its ancient arch—  
And, flashing in that splendour warm,  
Armed as some God of War and Storm,  
Floats down a glorious Hero-Form  
In slow and stately march !  
The right arm wields a giant lance  
Bright with the living lightning's glance  
The splendour of his phantom shield  
Streams a fierce glory o'er the field—  
Round his proud helm the laurel crown—  
Speaks of high deeds of old renown—  
Down to the Athenians awestruck band  
He moves a Phantom of Command—  
A Chief in panoply !  
Through the hush'd ranks, a low deep tone,  
From man to man is whispering thrown,  
" 'Tis HE ! 'Tis HE ! the form divine.  
The sculptur'd Hero of the shrine—  
The God ! 'Tis HE ! 'Tis HE !  
Our Theseus from th' Olympian dome  
Hath stooped to guard his ancient home.  
'Tis Theseus ! Victory !"

On floats the Shape towards Persia's host  
In blank amaze and horror lost—  
The giant lance he poises slow,  
Round it red lightnings stream and glow—

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\*The old tradition of the appearance of the phantom of Theseus at Marathon.

As, wrathful at the shrinking foe,  
He hurls its terrors on !  
There was a blaze of blinding light  
A splendour, kindling plain and height—  
It pass'd—the war bands strain their sight—  
The Phantom Shape is gone !  
But thousands heard the distant fane,  
Close with a crash, its gates again—  
And ere the awful silence broke  
A glorious harmony awoke—  
A swell of triumph notes,  
As o'er the Athenians gladden'd bands.  
From harp strings swept by viewless hands,  
An Io Pæan floats !

There was silence fallen on that vast array,  
On the soldiers shout, on the war-steed's neigh ;  
Lance and standard neglected hung  
Reins were slackened and bows unstrung.  
Till a voice from the Grecian centre broke—  
And it seem'd that a God in its passion spoke.  
" Arise ! Arise ! from the height of Heaven  
" There is aid sent down, there is victory given—  
" On Comrades on—in the path fresh trod  
" By your Hero's step, by your Warrior God ! "  
From the rallied centre there burst a cry  
The conquering wings shout " Victory,"  
As the storm blast wakens the heaving seas,  
They sprang at the call of Miltiades !  
And burst on the foe in a charging flood—  
A tempest hurl'd on a crashing wood—  
Vain, vain the rush of the Cissian steed ;  
Vain the last hot charge of the gallant Mede—  
Where the mountain brook to the marsh enlarged,  
On the Parthian bows hath Plataea charged,  
And swept the ranks of the archers' pride  
To a grave in the shoals of its reedy tide ;  
The Lydian shrank from the reddening field ;  
Vain was the fence of the Chaldee shield,

High in front of each charging band,  
The Battle Phantom yet seemed to stand—  
But the fight still raged where the Satrap's car  
Urged the faltering ranks to the front of war—  
Till a lance from the hand of young Cymon flew,  
Hurl'd to its mark, both strong and true—  
And the gallant Persian's bright crest sank down,  
And dust was strewn on the Satrap's crown !\*

High to the Heavens, the patriot shout  
Of triumph leaps exulting out !  
As o'er the plains confus'd and toss'd  
Breaks from its ranks the Orient host,  
With fear-wing'd limbs and pallid lips,  
Straining to gain the sheltering ships—  
Round the tall galleys raged the strife—  
One side for victory—one for life.  
On rushed the Greek with lighted brand  
To fire or stay with grappling hand ;  
High mounts the flame—the beaten host  
Sees the last hope of safety lost.  
For life—for life ! One desperate charge  
Clears the bold foeman from the marge  
Of wave and shore.

One stalwart form  
Stands wrestling with the warlike storm ;  
And loudest o'er that bloodiest close,  
Callimachus ! thy challenge rose.  
A sound, remembered well  
One hand arrests a galley's course,  
One smites the foe with trenchant force,  
A bright axe gleams in downward stroke—  
Yet once again the war-cry woke  
And died upon the failing breath,  
As droop'd the Hero's crest in death—  
So the War-Archon fell !

\* \* \* \*

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\* Artaphernes.



Far from the fight yon green hill's crest  
Bounds the fair prospect to the West—  
High o'er its wooded summit, winds  
The path the hunter's footstep finds.  
Treading the maze of swelling hills,  
The nursing fount of Attic rills.  
And severing from the eastern plains  
Fair Athens and her marbled fanes.  
And summer afternoon shines fair  
On stream and vale embosom'd there.  
Now up the green hill's steep ascent  
A soldier's rapid course is bent  
He halts, the topmost peak is won—  
He turns to gaze on Marathon—

Sunlit and glorious neath his earnest glance,  
Lie battle plain and Ocean's fair expanse—  
Fast from the fatal shore in hurried sweep,  
The Persian galleys seek the friendly deep,  
Up springs the vengeful flame from mast and deck—  
Strown on the yellow sands lie spoil and wreck—  
O'er the red plains the roar of battle dies—  
Another strain on lighter echo flies—  
Soft on his ear the song of victory floats,  
In far magnificence of triumph's notes.  
He sees his comrades pile with eager hands,  
The glittering trophy on the bloody sands,  
He marks the spot where fell that joyous morn  
The royal flag the Cissian Chief had borne,  
His arm struck there!

Is it in the sunflush'd sky,  
That lends its flame to fire his kindling eye?  
So proud the glance through toil and wound reveal'd,  
The Soldier gazing on his first, last field.  
What meets the strife-worn stripling's raptur'd gaze?  
Earth—Sea—in victory's splendour all ablaze!  
The rush of battle surges through his brain—  
The charging shout—the clash of steel again.

Transfigur'd in the flush of glorious light,  
The immortal vision fires his dazzled sight,  
Seems it—through luminous Heaven arm'd Phantoms  
throng,

His home's grand Heroes told in myth and song—  
Gathering in warlike pomp of lance and shield,  
The Past's proud homage to earth's noblest field ;  
Flood the fair scene with light, O westering Sun !  
Flash o'er the ransom'd west that Marathon is won !

\* \* \* \*

Once more on Athens fades the eve's soft light  
The violet crown is on each guardian height—  
The graceful city round its marbled hill  
Clings as a sleeping child caress'd and still—  
Far off, the waters of the tinted sea  
Sing to the sunset flush'd and tremulously,  
With isle and rock and ocean's crimson heave  
Steep'd in the beauty of the closing eve.  
Just where the hunter's path first halts to greet  
The landscape gleaming round the green hill's feet,  
A gazer stands—Look on him ; yes 'tis he,  
The herald with the tale of Victory !  
Why halts he there ? While in the vale beneath  
Ten thousand hearts dream of despair and death.  
On—on ! Alas, the Herald's eye is dim,  
The weight of toil drags down each languid limb,  
The scarce dried blood that stains the stripling's  
breast

Tells its own tale—and wearying miles the rest ;  
He looks around on ocean, earth and sky  
With panting heart and wild, despairing eye—  
And as the shades of anguish close around  
He staggers—faints upon the rocky ground.

Death strikes not yet—'Tis past that death-like  
trance ;  
The wearied eye glares round with fearful glance

O'er home's sweet vision—o'er each well-known  
Broods the crush'd heart in agonizing thought—  
Bitter to die! One hope upheld his strength,  
Through tangled wood, through vale of wear  
length

That first to loving heart should Eucles' voice  
Shout the glad tidings, "Victory! Rejoice!"  
Well had he fought, till triumph's shout rang  
Left his dead sire in war's red pomp to lie,  
And now—the last height won—here crushed he  
With home's sweet vision 'neath his dying eyes.

Up from the quiet vale a murmur floats—  
A softened harmony of mournful notes—  
Aye, listen! From thy home's white altars rise  
A solemn strain of tuneful harmonies—  
There gray-haired sire, weak child and pallid maid  
Bow'd to the earth are wearying Heaven for aid;  
May not the air-born chorus reach thine ear?  
With startling power to thrill, "Hear, Pallas, hear  
Hath thy quick fancy in that far off pray'r  
Heard *one* familiar voice lamenting there?  
One voice—the soul of many a love-lit dream  
When starlight slept upon Ilissus' stream.  
On that dear heart must doubt and sorrow lie  
With the glad tale of victory so nigh?  
Up soldier, up! the goal is all but won,  
Then if the brave heart break—its task is done!

Gloom on Athenæ! as the eve sinks down  
Like earth's last sunset o'er the mourning town,  
And tear-dimm'd eyes pursue the failing light,  
With glance prophetic of a fearful night.  
A last faint radiance lights the distant surge  
That moans around Ægina's holy verge,  
And eastward, o'er Hymettus' crest afar  
Melts the soft splendour of the earliest star.  
Daughter of Jove—look down—earth's fairest hour

Robes thy white fane with beauty's holiest power.  
Look on thy Attic home ! to greet thee there  
Wait gift and vow, and agony of prayer.  
Now on Hope's waxen wings, the accents rise,  
Now, in a wail the strain despairing dies !

A sound upon the torpid street !  
A hurried sound of coming feet  
By Diomea's gate the scout  
Breaks the long silence with a shout  
That echoes round with startling might.  
" He comes ! a Herald from the fight ! "  
He comes—He comes. Now Life and Death  
Hang on the Herald's earliest breath !  
He comes—he comes—his weary feet  
Slow bear him up the sacred street  
Toward the crown'd Virgin's altar place  
He staggers on with faltering pace—  
" 'Tis Eucles ! Eucles ! " onward flies  
The glance of recognizing eyes.  
No voice the dreadful silence breaks  
No eager lip the question speaks—  
They mark the blood upon his breast—  
The wounded feet—the sullied vest,  
The flowing locks all bare—  
The wildness of the blood-shot eye—  
Gods ! Doth it fire with victory  
Or burns it with despair ?  
See ! from the distant battle field  
He carries home his dinted shield.  
Soft—now his path is stay'd ;  
By the white shrine the Herald stands,  
To Heaven are rais'd his weary hands  
As asking strength and aid—  
Listen ! He speaks ! The crowd around  
Watch, as with madness for the sound—  
He gasps, the pallid lips have stirred,  
No ear hath caught the faltering word—

The red blood to his ghastly brow  
Rushes with sudden fierceness now ;  
Up from the faint heart roll'd.

Now, to the violet heaven's expanse  
Turns wild his eye's despairing glance,  
As to reproach the cruel Power  
That bids him die this awful hour—

His glorious tale untold !

Hark ! From the throng a low, deep moan  
Spreads o'er the hush its thrilling tone—  
Yon white form, cold and trembling there  
Hath waked that whisper of despair,  
And see—the Herald's straining eye  
Fires at the sound half maddeningly—

And then, a new found voice  
From the tired life's last effort wakes—  
Though in the strife the brave heart breaks,  
" Victory ! Rejoice ! Rejoice ! "

Peace joyous crowds !

There is a death-bed here---

Let softer voices sooth the dying ear—  
Come gently round with light and solemn tread,  
There the boy-soldier droops his graceful head—  
Mark the white lip—the dark eye glazed and dim—  
Youth, valour, hope are passing there with him—  
Not in the storm of fight when shouts rang high,  
And banners gleam'd and charging spears swept by,  
Fails that bright spirit—

Yet his fight is won.

His country saved—his task of love is done,  
And loving hands his early death-bed tend,  
And home's kind eyes above his pillow bend ;  
Strike light, O, Death !

There is a white form now

Kissing the death-damp from the pallid brow,  
Propping with tender arm the drooping head,  
Wooing the last sweet light the dim eyes shed,

Whispering sweet words—such as Ilissus' tide  
Heard nightly by the flower-crowned altar's side.  
Earnest to wake with love's impassion'd breath,  
Some lingering echo in the ear of death.  
A chord is touched—and with some transient might  
The eye's last warmth of evanescent light  
Shines forth, and fades,—and as the eternal trance  
Chills the faint heart and clouds the adoring glance  
Slow on the white arm droops the youthful head,  
The soldier sleeps—the living clasps the dead !

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## BY THE GRAVE

### YOUTHS.

Trumpet and pæan swell !  
Bring shield and casque and spear ;  
Let the voice of all martial emblems tell,  
A soldier sleepeth here !  
Rear the white column high ;  
Hang up the laurel crown !  
Let our comrade's form as a victor lie  
In the light of his fresh renown !

### MAIDENS.

Scatter bright offerings round,  
Strew flowers—green bud, fresh blossom  
Let thy tired child sleep sound,  
Kind Earth, on thy mother's bosom—

How he toiled on his homeward quest—  
How he died as his tale was spoken—  
He is weary ; O, let him rest—  
His long, deep sleep unbroken !

YOUTHS.

Bear the lost soldier home !  
He a softer grave has won,  
And a softer dirge than the requiem surge  
That moans round Marathon—  
Our slain three hundred sleep  
On the glorious field they won—  
Their Hero-Sires high vigil keep,  
O'er the grave of each Hero-Son !

MAIDENS.

Our woman's tears flow on—  
Our hearts the memory keeping—  
Of him, who thought when the fight was won  
Of those in the far homes, weeping !  
Like light was thy path on earth,  
Like light hath thy sweet life parted !  
There's a love link broken—a sadden'd hearth,  
And a wail for the faithful hearted !  
Farewell !  
Forget not the faithful hearted !

YOUTHS.

" Victory ! Rejoice, Rejoice ! "  
We will carve the legend well—  
From the tall white shaft its potent voice  
The glorious tale shall tell !  
Of the Soldier's might in the famous fight,  
Of the Herald's race well run—  
When rolls like fire from the War-Bard's lyre  
Thy story—Marathon !

'Tis spring time on the Attic hills,  
The snows have left Cithæron's crest—  
Green vales the vernal beauty fills,  
Soft winds breathe fragrance from the west.  
Hymettus, on thy spangled fields,  
The wild bees suck thy honied thyme,  
And shower of bud and blossom yields  
Rich hope for Summer's golden prime—  
And fair Athenæ's violet crown  
Floats o'er her hills as Day sinks down.

Iliuss, by thy freshen'd stream,  
Fair springs the Lover's rustic shrine—  
We see the snowy marbles gleam  
Through the soft veil of rose and vine.  
Sweet voices haunt the joyous air.  
From hidden fount or thicket given  
The same broad wealth of flowers is there,  
The flickering wood, the lucid Heaven  
The Goddess by her graceful fane,  
Seems apt for Lover's vows again.

Close by the Altar's outer bound  
Within the shade that evening flings,  
Co-tenant of the sacred ground  
A solitary column springs—  
Fair the white marbles glistening hue,  
Th' inverted torch, the sculptur'd base,  
The amaranth blooms, all mark too true  
The spot, a mortal's resting place—  
Where scent and flower with living breath  
Float o'er the silent home of death—

And still when Morning lights the wave  
Or Eve shines fair on Attic bowers.  
A watcher haunts the lonely grave,  
To smooth the turf or tend the flowers.



No fairy hand, no Dryad's form  
That task of gentle duty plies,  
A heart with human pity warm,  
There yields Love's latest sacrifice.  
And soft eyes wear the sadden'd gleam,  
That lights lost love's memorial dream.

Sweet sounds are round the Maiden now  
Beneath the wave is dancing clear,  
The fresh winds fan her placid brow,  
The fountain's music haunts her ear,  
And still her gaze the column seeks,  
To commune with the phantom voice,  
That from the letter'd tablet speaks  
Its legend "Victory, Rejoice!"  
And thoughts to mortal guess unknown,  
Wakes in her heart that spirit tone.

Now look again. 'Tis holy night—  
The maid her lonely vigil keeps  
When flowers are clos'd and stars soft light  
Upon the crystal river sleeps,  
And Fancy calls from stream and grove  
Shapes such as mourning eyes behold;  
And memory sings to listening love  
Music of lips long mute and cold;  
Murmuring over the happy tale  
That bless'd so oft that starlit vale.

Years fled on—the land was dark,  
The Persian swept the Attic hills,  
And thousands throng'd the flyers' bark  
And wail the mourning Athens fills.  
The eve before the woful flight  
A scant and melancholy train  
With dirge and wreath and funeral rite  
Came sadly to the rustic fane:  
A maiden's dust to earth they bare,  
Her heart for years had rested there.

The flowers were strewn, the farewell said—  
Next day the bitter flight was done—  
And dust was on Athenæ's head  
Till Salamis and home were won.  
And still when Marathon's proud tale  
Triumphant from the lyre-string swept—  
A softer cadence nam'd the vale,  
Where Eucles and the Maiden slept,  
And loyal hearts a blessing gave  
To those who filled that quiet grave!

THE END.



## THE QUEEN.

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Bright cluster of our island flowers ;  
Sparkling with dew's of life's fresh hours,  
Young mother with the soft deep eye,  
Lightforms of joyous infancy ;  
Fair rose, the island garden's pride,  
Sweet blossoms nestling by her side ;  
All beautiful in health and youth,  
In hope's rich light and love's sweet truth—  
Rife with glad thoughts of household mirth,  
Of happy home and pleasant hearth,  
Of spotless hearts and holiest ties—  
Bright picture for a nation's eyes ;  
The fair young mothers's quiet grace,  
Sweet childhood's soft and wondering face—  
Cold is the heart can watch, unmov'd,  
That group—the loving and the lov'd ;  
    In that blest home-like scene ;  
Nor feel the pulse's quicken'd start,  
The life-blood thrill the kindling heart,  
Ready for her with life to part,  
    THE MOTHER and the QUEEN.

Flush'd with a thousand victories,  
O'er half the earth her red-cross flies,  
The day's free sunlight never dies  
    On Britain's world-wide throne ;  
Realms that the Persian never knew  
Waves, where Rome's eagle never flew,  
    Her free dominion own.  
From Himalaya's snowy piles,  
From green Australia's farthest isles,  
Where sweeps the wave round Aden's Peak,  
Where deep woods shield the vanquish'd Sikh—  
Where the stern Cape's gigantic form  
Looms thro' the haze of southern storm,  
Where the old Spanish rock looks down  
O'er the blue strait with martial frown ;

Where o'er the western world looks forth  
Quebec, grey fortress of the north ;  
Where old St. Lawrence sings and smiles,  
Round blue Ontario's thousand isles ;  
Where the young queen of inland seas,  
TORONTO, woos the forest breeze ;  
Where th' everlasting spray-cloud floats  
High o'er Niagara's thunder-notes ;  
Where Erie spreads his waters fair,  
Where white sails gleam on soft St. Clair ;  
Where the Great Spirit's islands\* rest  
Far off on Huron's sunlit breast ;  
Where tempests wake Superior's sleep ;  
Where Oregon looks o'er the deep—  
    Floats the red-cross on high ;  
And the glad shout of free-born hosts  
Echoes from Earth's remotest coasts,  
    "Britain and Victory !"

Not the rich flush of martial light  
That gilds thine Isle's historic might,  
Not the wild breath of battle-horn  
From centuries of conquest borne,  
Not thy bright roll of champions brave,  
Earth-tramplers—lords of field and wave ;  
    Thine is a nobler fame ;  
Where foot can press, where wave can roll,  
The slave—the captive's withering soul,  
    Blesses thy honour'd name.  
Beautiful on the mountains shine  
Their feet who bear the holy sign,  
Salvation's banner-cross unfurl'd,  
The rainbow of a darken'd world,  
Bright harbinger of Mercy—Peace—  
Improvement's triumph—Earth's increase—  
    Glad hearts and firesides free.  
Such your bright trophies—Christian isles,  
Fruits of long years of wars and toils,  
High o'er red Glory's crimson piles,  
    "God's word and Liberty."

\*The Manitoulin.

Deal gently with that mother, TIME ;  
Leave long undimm'd her queenly prime,  
Mid her fair children's band ;  
Light be her sorrows—few her tears—  
Glorious and long her sceptre'd years  
Over this happy land ;  
And THOU, upon whose awful breath  
Hang Time and Empire—Judgment—Death—  
Before whose throne Earth's slaves and kings  
Alike shall stand, weak suppliant things ;  
FATHER of Him, whose gentle eye  
Look'd kind on childhood's purity,  
Shield thou our Queen with strength divine  
Pour blessings on her princely line,  
Theirs be Worth—Victory—Might ;  
Not with red sword and fiery brand,  
For shatter'd hearth and wasted land—  
Be theirs a nobler fight—  
To sway the heart of Christian man,  
Lift the red-cross in freedom's van,  
Bid thy pure Altars point to Heaven,  
The chain from Slavery's neck be riven ;  
Let their bright standards fly  
On farthest shore and wildest main,  
Glad heralds of the angelic strain,  
"PEACE UPON EARTH—GOODWILL TO MEN,  
GLORY TO THEE ON HIGH."

---

## THE HUNTER.

---

Away to the Forests—the wilds of the West,  
Where no foot save the step of the Hunter hath press'd,  
Where no voice of the Earth on the echo floats back,  
Save the wild cheer he gives on his arrowy track.

Away !

O'er the hills of the West with the Hunters away.

Away to the Forests ; the streams flash along  
With a murmur of gladness—a musical song,  
And a fresh voice of wildness and freedom rings past,  
When the green wood bends low to the sweep of the blast.

Away !

Where the free winds sing welcome—Away, come away.

Away to the Forests ; rough gladness is ours,  
Mid the green Earth's wild treasures, her streams and her flow'rs,  
Where the wolf claims a shelter—the strong elk may bound—  
Blue wave—misty mountain—our footsteps are found.

Away !

To the beautiful haunts of the Hunters away.

Away to the Forests ; fair home for the brave—  
Let the Mariner toss on the treacherous wave,  
Let the Soldier exult in the storm of the fight,  
But the Hunter's bold heart knows a purer delight.

Away !

Where the rifles are ringing—Away, come away.

Away to the Forests ; kind eyes too have smiled  
On the Hunter's rude hearth in the loneliest wild,  
And a voice of affection—a love-lighted face,  
Makes the homeward track sweet, as he turns from the chase.

Away !

By the hearth of the Hunter there's welcome—Away !

Away to the Forests ; true freedom is ours,  
We look from afar on the city's dark towers—  
And away to our kingdom—bright home for the brave,  
The haunts of the Hunter—his cradle—his grave.

Away !

O'er the hills of the West with the Hunters away !

## THE RIVER.

---

It floweth on—it floweth on,  
The River to the Sea,  
The leap and dash of youth are gone,  
Its course is calm and free ;  
The sunlight sleeps upon its wave,  
The white sail lends its gleam,  
A thousand rills from hill and cave,  
Swell on its lordly stream.

Hush'd it's wild song—the freshn'ning sound,  
That fill'd its mountain home,  
The torrent's dash—the rapids bound,  
The small waves mimic foam,  
And the fresh wild wreaths of wayward flow'rs  
That o'er its crystal hung,  
When flashing thro' the forest bowers,  
From its early fount it sprung.

It floweth on—it floweth on,  
Aye widening in its track,  
The bold green hills of youth are gone,  
To them it flows not back.  
Yet some would give the lordly sweep,  
The fair and cultur'd shore,  
For the young wave's dash—the torrent's leap,  
Of the fount in the hills, once more.

---

## SONG.

---

Awake, mine Harp, thy wildest strain,  
Breathe me thy pleasant notes again,  
Some relic of the olden time,  
Some lingering voice of life's young prime—  
Let joy or grief thy numbers move,  
Thou must not breathe one note of Love.



Sing of the glories of olden days,  
Sing to the vine-clad Monarch's praise,  
Of the battle-thunders thy strain may be,  
Of the wild wind's sweep o'er a stormy sea—  
Whatever theme thy numbers move,  
Thou must not breathe one note of Love.

Awake, awake, my gentle Lyre,  
Let music burst from each sleeping wire,  
Sing of the mighty, the Lords of Earth,  
Sing of the early violet's birth,  
Of the Eagle's flight, of the faltering dove—  
Thou must not breathe one note of love.

---

## REBECCA.

---

"The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape for his daughter, even from this den of infamy."—*Ivanhoe*.

"Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise ;  
Ev'n from this den of murder he hath giv'n  
A ransom for his daughter."

One wild spring,  
And pois'd upon the airy battlement,  
She waves farewell to earth—th' indignant blood  
Fades from the whitening cheek, the hands are spread,  
The dark eye rais'd imploringly to heaven,  
To bless the bold self-sacrifice, and take  
The rescued soul all spotless to its home.

Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise,  
Courage and faith have triumph'd gloriously,  
And on that dizzy pinnacle she stands,  
Strong as a host in arms. A soft slight form  
Radiant in awful strength—in mail of proof  
From God's bright arm'ry. Circled with a flush  
Of holy light—prophetic ray that gilds  
A queenly spirit's Euthanasia—  
An emanation from the deep-stirr'd hearts.  
Of loftiest natures—Hope—Faith—Chastity—  
And all weak woman's store of hidden strength.

Fair incarnation of the Poet's dream  
Of Judah's faded splendour—radiant child  
Of her long line of warriors—minstrels—priests—  
And glorious women, Miriam, Deborah,  
And she who died in Gilead\*—thou hast sprung  
From the bright touch of Genius, and thy name  
Is now historic truth ; a synonym  
For all high, pure and beautiful in woman.  
Oh, Fiction's noblest triumph, to have rais'd  
A form like thine for Earth's admiring gaze  
On that high battlement—thy pedestal.

\*Jephtha's daughter.

---

## SONG.

---

Farewell—a long farewell to thee,  
Maiden—thy lightsome heart is free ;  
Be gladness on that brow of thine,  
It matters naught what shadows mine.

Farewell ; thy parting glance is cold,  
Thy chill adieu is quickly told,  
Thy cheek hath caught no feeling glow—  
There was a time 'twould not be so.

Farewell ; beside thy happy hearth  
As glad will sound thy household mirth,  
Bright eyes glance round as soft and fair—  
One well-known voice is missing there.

'Tis nought to rend the closest—nearest,  
To shiver hearts the truest—dearest,  
Small care to thee my future lot—  
Would thou could'st be as soon forgot.

## A REMEMBRANCE.

"On revient toujours  
À ses premiers amours."

---

I had a dream—a pleasant dream—of an old, a nameless time,  
A faint low scent of wither'd flowers—a half-forgotten rhyme,  
And a thaw was on the frozen heart—a quiver in the eye,  
As the radiant phantom of the past, all soft and sweet, flow'd by.

What saw I then? a long-lost hour of youth's enchanted light—  
Sounds born to haunt the poet's ear—shapes for the dreamer's sight  
A rainbow spann'd the happy scene—a wild brook flashed along,  
And the bold wind swept the forest bowers with a fresh and spring-  
like song.

I stood amid unnumber'd flowers—not as ye know me now,  
With coldness in the worldly eye, though in the dark'ning brow,  
But the bright earth lay in beauty round—the blue heav'n smil'd  
above,  
And the now dull heart was all delight—the Dreamer's theme was  
—Love.

Not lonely was the Vision long—there came a softer form,  
The spirit of that glowing spot, in life's fresh beauty warm;  
The Dreamer's eyes in hers sought hope; love—love their ray con-  
fess'd;  
All earth to him was paradise, all life a sun-lit rest.

I watch'd the golden vision, till it spread its dewy wings,  
Wafting far off its pleasant store of lov'd and long-lost things;  
And I mourn'd—for all was beautiful its spell had wak'd again,  
It brought not back the broken vow, affection's faithless chain.

There was a gushing of old joy—a long-dried fountain's start,  
And the gray mist wrapp'd the heav'n again—the frost-chain bound  
the heart;  
But mayhap the music of some voice—some half-forgotten rhyme,  
May summon that sweet dream again from out the olden time.

## GENEVRA—A STARLIGHT RAMBLE.

---

Night—happy night : a thousand things  
Of pleasant tone and gentle mirth,  
Bless'd the soft hour, whose magic flings  
Enchantment's veil o'er dreaming Earth.  
Far off the long past sunset flush'd  
With lingering ray the dewy west,  
The stream's low music sang half hush'd,  
Stars lit the Zenith's kindling breast—  
With sleepy ray and filmy light,  
Lamps of th' enchanted halls of night.

And wild the summer lightning danc'd  
Thro' the far storm's retreating shroud,  
And webs of tangled splendour glanc'd  
Thro' blue pavilions of the cloud ;  
The eastern star's soft ray grew pale,  
While beautiful and silently,  
Thro' the pine forest's leafy veil,  
The late moon clomb the gladden'd sky ;  
And lovingly o'er stream and dell  
The showers of chequer'd silver fell.

Rich store of loveliness was there  
For eye's delight—for Fancy's art,  
But, dearest hour of earth and air,  
Thou had'st one gift to bless the heart ;  
There was a soft—a darling form,  
The Genius of that happy night,  
For whom the Minstrel's lay would warm,  
His ardent spirit dream delight,  
Whom youthful Hope had made his own,  
Whom youthful Love adored alone.

One heart was thrilled with strange deep thought,  
The same that now its quiet stirs,  
Too well I knew the tale it taught,  
But dare I dream if such were hers ?

Her soft voice kept its wonted tone,  
The silvery flow, unmov'd and even,  
And o'er her gentle eyes was thrown  
The mantle of the star-lit heaven,  
Kind Love—bright Hope—fond heart—for me,  
Oh : solve this starlight mystery.

\*In Canada, as doubtless many of our readers have observed, it is not unusual to see the lightning playing in the distance on the skirts of the horizon, whilst the moon and stars appear in cloudless serenity overhead.

---

## HOME FLOWERS IN AN EMIGRANT'S GARDEN.

---

Bright flow'rs, dear flow'rs of our island skies,  
Ye are welcome here to our gladdened eyes ;  
Ye are decked in the hues we loved of yore,  
In the far of vales of our native shore ;  
And ye bring kind thoughts of a pleasant time,  
To the dark, deep woods of this Western clime ;  
As the last sweet gifts of the lost—the dear,  
We bid ye welcome, we bless ye here.

There were watching eyes o'er your gentle birth,  
From your cradle rude in the chilly earth ;  
There were thoughts of joy when ye first looked forth  
On the greenwood bowers of the stormy north,  
As ye spread the tints of each well-known fold  
As ye breath'd the fragrance we lov'd of old,  
And danc'd to the breeze of the forest wild,  
As if Home's soft heaven had above ye smiled.

Oh, wild and fresh, in the sparkling morn,  
On the forest breeze is your perfume borne,  
But dearer yet are your folding leaves  
In the holy calm of the summer eves,  
When the woods are still and the winds are low,  
And the stars gleam faint in the twilight glow,  
And the day is parting o'er stream and glen—  
Oh, flowers of Home, ye are dearest then.

For pleasant thoughts from their rest will start,  
And sweet chords thrill in the soften'd heart,  
And long-hush'd voices come whispering near,  
With soft old music in mem'ry's ear ;  
As home-like notes from a land of dreams  
Comes the voice of our far-off woods and streams ;  
And homeward th' enchanted Spirit strays,  
To sport an hour in the Past's bright maze.

Oh, flowr's, lov'd flowr's of our island home,  
With a voice of hope have your breathings come,  
Ye spring like friends round the wand'rer's rest,  
Ye speak like friends to his gladden'd breast,  
And a lesson apt to his lonely lot  
Hath his musing heart from your blossoms caught,  
How the young affections, the hopes, the fears,  
Tho' torn from the soil of their early years,  
May bloom as fresh in the forest bow'rs,  
As your sweet blossoms, our island flow'rs.

---

## " I WILL MUSE ON THEE."

*" Julia, semper amanda mihi tibi semper amanda,  
Te cedent e die, te veniente canam."*

---

I will muse on thee,  
When the day fades slowly,  
Lingering o'er earth and sea—  
Beautiful and holy.  
When the forest-depth is mute,  
Leaf and spray unshaken,  
When the hush'd Æolian lute  
Sleeps, all wind-forsaken.

I will muse on thee,  
When the twilight shadows  
Weave their revelry  
O'er the dark'ning meadows,  
When to pleasant lays  
Of some lyre enchanted  
Dance the playful Fays  
By old fountains haunted.

I will muse on thee,  
When the night shades cover  
In their happy mystery  
Music, maid and lover,  
When in heaven's far height  
All its starry millions  
Blind the startled night,  
In her blue pavilions.

I will muse on thee,  
When the fresh morn's breathing,  
When on heaven's flushed sea  
Golden mists are wreathing.  
Bowers, so fair and warm,  
That sweet fancy's telling  
Of thine own bright form,  
To bless each fairy dwelling.

---

## A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

---

No shepherds in the field's to-night, no flocks upon the wold,  
Thro' the shivering forest branches moans the north blast fierce and  
cold ;  
But gloriously the white stars gleam as on that holy even  
When the herald Angels' chorus swell'd through the soft Judean  
heaven.

Oh, Earth : the white shroud wraps thee now, in Death's cold grasp  
thou art,  
Thy tears, thy music bound alike in the ice-chain on thine heart :  
So lay the darken'd world of sin when the angels spread abroad  
The glorious tale of the Virgin-Born—the birth of Incarnate God :

Melt, melt, oh cold and stony heart : even as the ice-bonds shiver  
When Spring breathes soft on the frozen wood, when warm winds  
loose the river—  
The Angel-vision sheds on thee its glory's softening ray—  
The Angel-song is for thine ear, " A Saviour's born to-day : "

Morn on the sparkling wilds of snow—morn on the frozen West :  
The holy chimes float musical o'er the deep woods' solemn breast ;  
And the winter sun plays cheerily on the wealth of bright green  
wreaths  
Which thro' the lowly forest-shrine a spring-like freshness breathes.

Frail monitors : your verdure speaks all eloquently bright,  
Of a lustrous summer morn to break on Life's long wintry night—  
Of the waving palms—the crystal streams—the everlasting flowers,  
Beyond the jasper battlement, by the Golden City's towers :

Let the wild wind sweep the snows without—within be joy and mirth ;  
Let happy households cheerily meet around the Christmas hearth :  
One welcome pledge must circle round—" Be happy hearts and smiles  
To all we love in the forest-land : to all in our parent isles : "

The Christmas hearth : ah, pleasant spot, where joyful kindred meet—  
Kind eyes, with love and gladness lit, scarce mark the vacant seat ;  
And if too faithful Memory turn to mourn the loved, the fair—  
Look up—the Shepherd's star's in heaven—the lost one waits thee  
there:

Wake thy ten thousand voices, Earth : outpour thy floods of praise—  
Up the crystal gates of morn the deep hosannas raise :  
Till heavenward-wafted, seraph-wing'd, they pierce th' illumin'd zone  
Where the Church-Triumphant's anthem floats round the Everlasting  
Throne.



## A REMINISCENCE.

*I, nimium dilecta : vocat Deus—I, bona nostrae  
Pars animæ ; Mcerens altera disce sequi.*

---

Fancy oft hath imaged fairer,  
Painter loftier charms pourtray'd  
Poet dreamed of nobler, rarer—  
She was but a mortal maid.  
Genius lent no flickering splendour—  
Flashing eye—majestic form—  
But her glance was pure and tender ;  
Her young heart was true and warm.

Never footstep lighter, fleeter,  
Brush'd the dew on English earth ;  
Never voice more gentle—sweeter,  
Floated round an English hearth.  
There were eyes, that watch'd above her  
With that care that orphans know ;  
There were hearts that lived to love her,  
While she linger'd here below.

In the greenwood's lonely bosom,  
Where dark waters sing and leap,  
We have laid our fairest blossom,  
Like a tired child to sleep.  
Ah, the eye with tears grows blinder,  
Weary thoughts the spirit stir—  
We may linger long behind her  
Ere we gaze on one like her.

---

## THE VOICE OF A DREAM.

"Beata

*Petamus arva, divites et insulas.*"

Come away : Come away :

O'er the blue hills of the West away ;  
Far in the path of the setting sun,  
Deep in the shades must we journey on,  
Danger and gloom in our track will be,  
Mountain, torrent, and storm and sea,  
Struggling on through the wearying miles,  
Ere we catch the light of the Blessed Isles.

Long have we heard of that happy land,  
Of its vales' wild beauty—its sunlit strand ;  
Oft in the dreams of the quiet night  
Has it mock'd the gaze of our dazzled sight,  
Oft has it breath'd in our wilder'd ear  
Its blue stream's gladness—its voices clear—  
We must taste of the founts where such waves were nurs'd,  
Of the lips whence such breathings of music burst.

We may not bring to the Blessed Isles  
The chilling light of our earthly smiles—  
We must lay each thought of the dark world by,  
The heavy heart and the tearful eye ;  
We must come ere the prime of sweet youth is told,  
Ere the flush of our morn is grey and cold,  
In our strength unworn—in our matin light,  
Away : away : on our glorious flight.

Come away : Come away :

Ah : cold is the eve of our mortal day,  
For Hope's voice faileth, and Love will die,  
That seem'd born to bloom for eternity ;  
And the bright and beautiful soonest fall,  
And to change and wither—the doom of all :  
And each breath of the spring wind singing by  
Bears one cold murmur, " All, all must die."

Come away ; Come away :  
O'er the blue hills of the West away :  
Let our dreams be all of a sunbright clime,  
Hope, Joy, and Beauty undimm'd by time.  
Soon may our soul to that home draw near,  
Soon may its music enchant our ear,  
Soon be it ours of its joy to tell—  
Shades of the dim earth—Farewell : Farewell :

---

## SONG.

---

"Song should breathe of scents and flowers  
That we loved long, long ago."

—*Barr, Cornwall.*

Sing, old Bard, some homely breathing,  
Such as love forgetteth last—  
True heart-music—kindly wreathing  
Flowers that blossom'd in the Past.  
Be it mournful—be it lonely—  
Be its cadence dark and low ;  
All we ask is—be it only  
What we heard long, long ago.  
  
At its notes cold eyes will glisten,  
Lips will smile with quivering art,  
Memory's quicken'd ear will listen,  
Morn's lost freshness light the heart.  
There are thoughts of mystic fashion  
That will greet its cheerful strain—  
Thoughts of madness—beauty—passion—  
Such as dreams bring not again.  
  
On—sing on—tho' voice may falter,  
Calling back Life's happiest times—  
Flowers that glowed on Love's old altar—  
Passions told in pleasant rhymes.  
Cease it not—the lonely bosom  
Drinks its music glad and free,  
Memory of lost bud and blossom  
Take not from the wither'd tree.

## THE EMIGRANT'S HOME-DREAM.

— "dulces reminiscitur Argos."

Oh, soft and lovely were thy vales, my Home !  
The fresh blue heaven bent lovingly o'er thee ;  
Round thy bold cliffs the wild Atlantic's foam  
Swept with a joyful voice, a music free ;  
Fair hamlets nestled in thy grassy breast,  
Where lingering Summer strew'd her wealth of flow'rs ;  
The eagle loved thy mountain's misty crest,  
The Past looked proudly from thy war-worn tow'rs,  
And from the fountains in thine ancient hills  
Burst the deep music of thy thousand rills.

Art thou as fair, as when I saw thee last,  
My far-off home—my beautiful—mine own,  
Have wint'ry shadows o'er thy sunshine pass'd,  
A voice of sorrow check'd thy heart's glad tone ?  
Thy summer skies—are they as pure and fair  
As when I gaz'd upon their changeful blue ;  
The gray old hills—the bright waves cradled there,  
Keep their ancient voice their sparkling hue ?  
I hear the mountain song the wild brook's glee—  
Hush—wayward heart—they sing not now for thee.

Cold sounds thy voice, strange Land yet passing bright  
Thy wild magnificence of wave and wood.  
Thy youth'd fresh ecstasy, all strength and light,  
Thy lonely homes that speck the solitude—  
But, oh ! one glimpse of my fair island sky,  
One breeze of Erin on the wand'rer's brow,  
One glance—wer't but to mock the cheated eye,  
And leave more drear the scenes it dwells on now—  
In vain—another tale these dim woods tell—  
Darling of life—dear Home—farewell—farewell.

## THE LAY OF THE EMBLEMS.

---

Oh : beauty glows in the Island-Rose,  
The fair sweet English flow'r—  
And Memory weaves in her emblem-leaves  
Proud legends of Fame and Power :  
The Thistle nods forth from the hills of the north,  
O'er Scotia free and fair—  
And hearts warm and true, and bonnets blue,  
And Prowess and Faith are there :  
Green Erin's dell loves the Shamrock well :  
As it springs to the March sun's smile—  
"Love—Valor—Wit" ever blend in it,  
Bright type of our own dear Isle :  
But the fair Forest-land where our free hearths stand—  
Tho' her annals be rough and brief—  
O'er her fresh wild woods and her thousand floods  
Rears for emblem "The Maple-Leaf."  
Then hurrah for the Leaf—the Maple Leaf :  
Up, Foresters : heart and hand ;  
High in heaven's free air waves your emblem fair—  
The pride of the Forest-land.

---

## THE SEA : THE SEA :\*

---

*Ἀκούουσι βοώντων τῶν στρατιωτῶν—Θάλαττα, θάλαττα.*  
—XEN ANAB.

*Θάλαττα, θάλαττα.*

For the light of thy waves we bless thee,  
For the foam on thine ancient brow,  
For the winds, whose bold wings caress thee,  
Old Ocean : we bless thee now :

---

\*For the benefit of our lady-readers we deem it fitting to state that the subject of the foregoing lines is the historical exultation of the "Ten Thousand," when, at the close of their memorable retreat over the hot plains of Asia, they caught the first welcome glimpse of the sea that foamed and sparkled in the distance.

Oh : welcome thy long-lost minstrelsy,  
Thy thousand voices, the wild, the free,  
The fresh, cool breeze o'er thy sparkling breast,  
The sunlit foam on each billow's crest,  
Thy joyous rush up the sounding shore,  
Thy song of Freedom for evermore,  
And thy glad waves shouting " Rejoice, rejoice : "  
Old Ocean : welcome thy glorious voice :

Θάλαττα, θάλαττα,

We bless thee, we bless thee, Ocean :  
Bright goal of our weary track,  
With the Exile's wrapt devotion,  
To the home of his love come back.  
When gloom lay deep on our fainting hearts,  
When the air was dark with the Persian darts,  
When the desert rung with the ceaseless war,  
And the wish'd-for fountain and palm afar,  
In Memory dreaming—in Fancy's ear,  
The chime of thy joyous waves was near,  
And the last fond prayer of each troubled night  
Was for thee and thine islands of love and light.

Θάλαττα, θάλαττα,

Sing on thy majestic pæan,  
Leap up in the Delian's smiles ;  
We will dream of the blue Ægean—  
Of the breath of Ionia's Isles ;  
Of the hunter's shout through the Thracian woods,  
Of the shepherd's song by the Dorian floods ;  
Of the Naiad springing by Attic fount,  
Of the Satyr's dance by the Cretan mount,  
Of the sun-bright gardens—the bending vines,  
Our virgin's songs by the flower-hung shrines ;  
Of the dread Olympian's majestic domes,  
Our fathers' graves and our own free homes.

Θάλαττα, θάλαττα.

We bless thee, we bless thee, Ocean :  
Bright goal of our stormy track,  
With the Exile's wrapt devotion,  
To the home of his love come back.

## MARIA.

Look, down, sweet Love, the fairest hour  
That Summer gives the sleeping Earth  
Hath hush'd the bird, and lulled the flower,  
And still'd the glad wind's playful mirth.  
All beautiful the moonlight streams  
Thro' the old forest's leafy halls,  
And fitfully soft echo seems  
To waft the fairies' sportive calls.

Come forth, sweet Love, a thousand things  
Around thy bower soft incense breathe,  
And musical each slow wind brings  
Faint whispers from the glen beneath.  
The star-lit fount is singing near,  
The wild brook hums a sleepy tale,  
And elfin chorus waits the ear  
Of her who lights this haunted vale.

Still hush'd, sweet Love, I would not seek  
To woo thee from one happy dream,  
If it a kinder voice can speak,  
If it can bring a dearer theme.  
One soft "Good Night"—no more I ask,  
If bless'd thy guileless slumber be,  
Bright is my vigil—sweet my task—  
To dream of hope—to watch o'er thee.

## HORACE—ODE 2, 19.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus  
Vidi docentem (credite posteri :)  
Nymphasque discentes et aures  
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.*  
Carm. 11. 19.

The Wine-God teaching his brightest lay  
In the lonely rocks I found,  
(Believe, ye sons of a future day:)  
'Mid the listening Dryad's entranc'd array  
And the quick-ear'd Satyrs round.

My heart throbs high with a trembling glow  
Fresh-caught from thy fountains burning flow,

Lyseus : spare :

With thy thyrsus—emblem of might below,  
Spare—oh : spare.

The stormy mirth of the Bacchic train,  
The red grape's flashing spring,  
The milky streams through the laughing plain,  
The old oaks weeping their honied rain—  
Mine—be it mine to sing :

How the crown of thy blessed Love was given  
To gleam 'mid the stars of the midnight heaven,  
How the royal Thracian fell,  
Of the Theban domes in thy fury riven—  
Mine—be it mine to tell.

The Rivers bend at thy dread command,  
The Ocean rests spell-bound,  
And the poison-snakes in thy Godlike hand  
Are twined and braided—a harmless band  
To circle thy bright locks round,  
And Thou—when the Titans scaled the height  
Of thy parent heaven in their impious might—  
Were wert thou ?

A Lion—borne through the yielding fight  
With death on thy shaggy brow :

Tho' to lead the dance and the mirth-crown'd hours  
Be thine unwarlike fame,  
Since thy deeds by thy father's shaken towers  
Red Battle's splendors—soft Peace's flowers,  
Light up thy glorious name :  
And the Dog of Hell, with a cowering eye  
And a peaceful heart, from his lair drew nigh  
Thy God-like step to greet,  
And lick'd, as thy graceful form swept by,  
The dust of thy heavenly feet.



## A FAREWELL.

---

Shatter'd hopes of idle youth,  
Golden veils of mournful truth,  
Shapes of Morn's ecstatic reign,  
Phantoms of the dreaming brain,  
Shadowy children of the Past,  
Heart-enchanters to the last ;  
Now at length your world is over,  
Now the grave your forms may cover,  
For the veil is rent asunder,  
And the cold stern Truth is under.

Ye were mine too long, too long,  
(So I sing my parting song),  
Happy day and starry night,  
Have I revell'd in your light,  
And my world was all enchanted  
By the shapes of golden dreams.  
By the wings of glorious beams,  
By the breath of happy voices,  
As when Heaven with Earth rejoices.

So farewell, fair dreams—we sever,  
With this parting word—for ever ;  
With one sigh for wither'd flowers,  
With one thought on pleasant hours,  
When the rainbow spann'd the fountain,  
When the blue mist wrapp'd the mountain,  
When the spring winds knew a song  
Which they sang the bright day long,  
When each star upon its brow  
Wore a glory—not as now.  
Young Romance—thy dream is over,  
And we part, the lov'd—the lover—  
Though the weak heart turn to linger  
O'er the thoughts the Past may bring her,  
Firm yet the lip will tell  
We are parted—so—farewell.

# THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

15th December, 1840.

Cold and brilliant streams the sunlight on the wintry banks of Seine\*  
Gloriously the Imperial City rears her pride of tower and fane—  
Solemnly with deep voice pealeth, Notre Dame, thine ancient chime,  
Minute guns the death-bell answer in the same deep measur'd time.

On the unwonted stillness gather sounds of an advancing host,  
As the rising tempest chafeth on St. Helen's far-off coast—  
Nearer rolls a mighty pageant—clearer swells the funeral strain,  
From the barrier-arch of Neuilly pours the giant burial train.

Dark with Eagles is the sunlight—darkly on the golden air  
Flap the folds of faded standards, eloquently mourning there—  
O'er the the pomp of glittering thousands, like a battle-phantom flits  
Tatter'd flag of Jena—Friedland—Arcola, and Austerlitz.

Eagle-crown'd and garland circled, slowly moves the stately car,  
'Mid a sea of plumes and horsemen—all the burial pomp of war—  
Riderless, a war-worn charger follows his dead Master's bier—  
Long since battle-trumpet roused him—he but lived to follow here.

From his grave, 'mid Ocean's dirges, moaning surge and sparkling  
foam,

Lo, the Imperial Dead returneth :—lo, the Hero-dust comes home :  
He hath left the Atlantic island, lonely vale and willow tree,  
'Neath the Invalides to slumber, 'mid the Gallic chivalry.

\*"The day was fine but piercingly cold, but such was the interest excited that 600,000 persons were assembled to witness the ceremony—the procession approached Paris by the road from Neuilly so often traversed by the Emperor in the days of his glory. It passed through the now finished and stupendous arch erected at the barrier of Neuilly, and slowly moving through the Elysian fields reached the Invalides by the bridge of la Concorde. Louis Philippe and all his court officiated at the august ceremony, which was performed with extraordinary pomp in the splendid church of the edifice; but nothing awakened such deep feeling as a band of the mutilated veterans of the Old Guard, who with mournful visages but yet a military air, attended the remains of their beloved chief to his last resting-place. An aged charger, once rode by the Emperor in his fields of fame, survived to follow the colossal hearse to the grave. The place of interment was worthy of the hero who was now placed beneath its roof—it contained the remains of Turenne and Vauban, and the Paladins of France. Enchanting music thrilled every heart; as the coffin was lowered into the tomb, the thunder of the artillery so often vocal to his triumphs, now gave him the last honours of mortality, and the bones of Napoleon finally reposed on the banks of the Seine amidst the people whom he had loved so well."—Alison.

Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers : gallant fellowship to share—  
Paladin and Peer and Marshal—France, thy noblest dust is there :  
Names that light thy battle annals—names that shook the heart of  
Earth—

Stars in Crimson War's horizon—synonyms for martial worth :

Room, within that shrine of Heroes : place, pale sceptres of the past ;  
Homage yield, ye battle-phantoms : Lo, your Mightiest comes at last  
Was his course the Woe out-thunder'd from propetic trumpet's lips ?  
Was his type the ghostly Horseman shadow'd in the Apocalypse ?

Grey-hair'd soldiers gather round him, relics of an age of war,  
Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was wild and far,  
Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's bloody ridge,  
Hearts that sicken'd at the death-shriek from the Russian's shatter'd  
bridge.

Men who heard th' immortal war-cry of the wild Egyptian fight—  
" Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon Pyramid's grey height : "  
They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach of Acre knew—  
They who rush'd their foaming war-steeds on the squares of Water-  
loo—

They who lov'd him—they who fear'd him—they who in his dark  
hour fled—

Round the mighty burial gather, spell-bound by the awful Dead .  
Churchmen—Princes—Statesmen—Warriors—all a kingdom's chief  
array,

And the Fox stands—crowned Mourner—by the Eagle's hero-clay :

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep knell is rung—  
And the cannons' iron voices have their thunder-requiem sung—  
And, 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom and mouldering state,  
Shall the trampler of the world upon the Judgment-trumpet wait.

Yet his ancient foes have given him nobler monumental pile.  
Where the everlasting dirges moan'd around the burial Isle—  
Pyramid upheav'd by Ocean in his loneliest wilds afar,  
For the War-King thunder-stricken from his fiery battle-car.

## NAPOLEON.

1804.

Proud trumpets on the summer air, fair banners floating free,  
The hosts of France are camping round Boulogne on-the-Sea.  
From Loire to Rhine—from Seine to Rhone is gathered their array;  
And the shouts ring high for the Chieftain comes to marshall them  
to-day.

High o'er that dazzling world in arms, that warlike multitude  
Like the Persian o'er blue Salamis, the mighty leader stood.  
Know ye that quiet smile of fate—that battle-guiding glance?  
'Tis the youngest born of Victory, the thunderbolt of France!

He speaks—Ten thousand fiery hearts drink in each boastful word,  
Marengo's banner o'er him floats as with his spirit stirr'd.  
His right arm raised, in gesture fierce, to point the storm of War  
On white cliffs in the northern sky, faint gleaming from afar.

The Isle's stern manhood sprang to arms, marshall'd in gallant ring,  
For hearth—for home—for altar—round their brave old Christian  
King.

Devon to Orkney—East to West—the war-call swell'd the breeze.  
Drake, Effingham and Blake were gone, but Nelson kept the seas!

Another year—Proud England heard Trafalgar's thunders toll!  
Tell her sailors and their glorious Chief had done their duty well.  
And Fate the boastful Conqueror warn'd to bound his sway to earth,  
And leave old Ocean's wave to guard the Briton's island hearth,

Time fled on—What fate befell the Gaul's embattled train?  
Search the stern Russian's thawing streams, the mountain glens of  
Spain,

And Europe's galling chain was riven—when raising in her might.  
The Despot's fiery standards dimm'd in the storm of Leipsic's fight.

But He—once more to his last field he led a gallant host  
On the red Belgian plain his last great stake war thrown—and lost!  
Needs it to tell of a serried square, of horsemen's charge wave,  
Defeat and flight—the ocean isle—the prison and the grave?

Is England chang'd ? Trafalgar's wave is rippling calm and blue  
The vernal turf lies all unstained on peaceful Waterloo,  
From Delhi's gate, from Lucknow's wall the deep voic'd answ'rs  
thunder'd  
" Unchang'd ! Unchang'd ! " So the trumpets rung when to death  
spurr'd the Six Hundred !

And if the War-call rouse the land, the beacon fire the hill.  
Wake ! old heroic spirit wake ! our home's true rampart still ;  
And echoes of immortal deeds—fights of immortal name  
Shall down our stormy annals float on the latest trump of Fame !

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## TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

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Eheu : fugaces. Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni ; nec pietas moram  
Rugis et instanti senectae  
Afferet, indomitaeque morti.

Carm. 2. 14.

Alas, the years : the swift wing'd years,  
My Postumus, glide fast away,  
Nor Virtue's light nor Love's soft tears  
May bid their flight one moment stay,  
Shield the fair brow from Time's stern hand,  
Or stop resistless Death's command.  
Not all thy hecatombs thrice told,  
Each prayer, each spell thine art can bring,  
May from thine head one hour withhold  
The vengeance of the infernal king,  
Who sweeps the Stygian wave around  
The suffering Giant's prison ground.  
The stream of fate—the joyless tide,  
Still doom'd to waft each child of earth,  
The monarch from his sceptred pride,  
The peasant from his lowly hearth ;  
All—all who draw a mortal breath,  
All—all must pass the stream of death.

Tho' where the War-God's tempests rave  
The battle-plain's tremendous scene,  
Tho' o'er the treacherous Adrian wave,  
Thy prudent course hath never been,  
Tho' guarded well with cautious fear  
When autumn's sickly hour draws near.  
  
Still must thy startled vision trace,  
Beyond the threshold of the tomb,  
Old Danaus' ill renowned race,  
The "Immortal Robbers" endless doom,  
And dim Cocytus' sullen flow  
Thro' Hell's black shadows—hoarse and slow.  
  
All must be left—thine hopes—thy love—  
Loos'd be each soft domestic band—  
Thine happy home—the leafy grove  
That grew beneath thy fostering hand.  
Thy cypress tree alone may wave  
Unwelcome mourner by thy grave.  
  
The juice thy choicest vines had wept,  
Meet for a Pontiff's costly board,  
All that thy careful eye safe kept,  
On the stain'd pavement loosely pour'd,  
All—all that claimed thy watchful care  
Scatter'd around thy lavish heir.

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## ONTARIO—A FRAGMENT.

---

The wave of "The Thousand Isles" is still  
As a summer fount on a silent hill,  
Errant zephyrs may wander there,  
Like dreams o'er the sleep of the waters fair,  
But wake no smile on Ontario's brow,  
For that mighty Titan's enchanted now,

In a dream of glory he revelling lies  
 Bath'd in the tints of the sunset skies.  
 Faint and low is his tremulous heave,  
 As he burns to worship the sun-flush'd eve,  
 And flings from his crystal mirror back  
 Each tint in the parting Glory's track—  
 Cloud-built palace and sunny wreath  
 Trac'd in the quivering depth beneath,  
 Changeful splendour and fading glow  
 Born again in the wave below,  
 Till the heart might fancy the lore of old  
 With Truth's own pencil the legend told,  
 How the Sun-God sped 'neath the kindling waves  
 To his nightly rest in the calm sea caves.  
 Those waves can rear up their giant form  
 To wrestle and strive with the thunderstorm,  
 \*With an Ocean's might and an Ocean's roar  
 And a foamy charge on the quivering shore,  
 While the tortured forests would writhe and howl  
 And the mad sea waves laugh in the heavens' wild scowl,  
 When the Storm-God leaps from his cavern out,  
 And the thunder is tame to his battle-shout.  
 But Ontario lies on his couch asleep,  
 Sweet Summer's breath on his dreaming deep,  
 And the fair woods sweep with a green embrace  
 Away round his crystal resting-place,  
 While the light blue mist of the Summer weaves  
 Its gossamer veils round the stirless leaves,  
 And landward a faint low singing floats  
 Like the far-off swell of enchanted notes ;  
 'Tis partly the young waves' drowsy flow,  
 As they died on the smooth shore, soft and low,  
 And partly some stray wind's echoed tone  
 Which the trembling aspen can feel alone  
 Look down on the depths of the waters fair,  
 Cloud-born islands are floating there,  
 Airy splendours and vapoury gold,  
 Light creations of filmy mould,

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\*"Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino."—*Virgil, Geor. 2.*

Shadowy realms that the heart might deem  
Glad home for Love in his earliest dream,  
Isles that Fancy still paints to be  
Far off in the blue of a summer sea,  
Fairy dwellings for loving souls,  
Where Time, all shadowless, noiseless, rolls,  
Where the bright day fades in the star-lit night,  
And life's all the lover's—Hope, Flowers and Light.

---

## SERENADE.

---

By the breath of each sleeping flow'r,  
By the blue of yon darken'd skies,  
By the spells of earth's fairest hour,  
Oh loveliest—best—arise ;  
Hear—oh hear.

By the true heart's purest beating,  
By each vow of Love's repeating,  
By thy last soft-whisper'd greeting,  
Hear—oh hear.

I sing 'neath the starry night—  
Mid the slumbering world alone ;  
I watch for thine eyes' sweet light—  
For thy dear voice's faintest tone ;  
Hear—oh hear.

By the true heart's purest beating,  
By each vow of Love's repeating,  
By thy last soft-whisper'd greeting,  
Hear—oh hear.



## THE FREED STREAM.

---

Down from the mountain : away to the main :  
How the Freed One laughs at the broken chain :  
I am free : I am free : the fetters cast  
On my frozen breast have been loosed at last ;  
The cold dim dream of the winter's o'er—  
I hear the glad laugh of my waves once more ;  
And the soul-felt glee of the ransom'd slave  
Laughs out in the song of my playful wave ;  
Down from the mountain : away to the main :  
How the Freed One scoffs at the broken chain.

From his gloomy home in the cold dark north ;  
Mid his whirl of storms rush'd the Ice-King forth ;  
He came in his might : and at his breath  
The moaning woods felt the chill of death ;  
He came in his might, and as he pass'd,  
The forest Titans bent to the blast ;  
My waters, that danced on their heedless path,  
Shrank tranced and mute from the giant's wrath,  
And the merry song of the playful wave  
Was chang'd to the hush of the lonely grave.

The wintry sun look'd cold and bright  
On the pale earth's mantle of vestal white,  
And fair did the mazy frost-work seem,  
As it sparkled and flash'd in the cheerless beam ;  
And the glittering sheen on the branches hoar,  
With the tassell'd ice-drops bespangled o'er—  
(Those dazzling brilliants that Winter set  
On the brow of his forest coronet)—  
The graceful folds of the wreathed snow  
Were lighted up with a passing glow,  
As they droop'd o'er the bed of my prison'd wave—  
White garlands hung o'er a virgin grave.

There came a change on my stirless rest—  
A spirit breathed on my glassy breast ;  
I dream'd that I heard the earliest sigh  
Of the long-lost south wind came floating by—

Oh how long unfelt, unheard, unknown,  
Was its mild warm breath and its gentle tone :—  
And I knew as its grateful music rose,  
That my hour of bondage was near its close,  
And then came the crash of my fetters breaking—  
The hum of a world from sleep awaking  
The spell of slumber was rais'd—and then  
I flash'd into gladness and life again.

Down from the mountain : away to the main :  
A thousand voices have caught the strain :  
A thousand streams through the vocal woods  
Flash on in the pride of their loosen'd floods ;  
Glad echoes float through the Huron pines,  
The St. Clair plays round his bursting vines,  
The Chaudiere bursts from his green defiles,  
St. Lawrence sings round his "Thousand Isles"—  
Soft rustling winds in the forest brake,  
Light ripples curling the sparkling lake—  
Bird, wood-path, blossom and stream sing forth,  
That spring hath breath'd on the frozen North.

Pale flowers that break from the sun-touch'd earth,  
Hath no frost-wind breath'd on your gentle birth ?  
Did ye hear the storms of the midnight sweep  
O'er the quiet calls of your wintry sleep ?  
Will the light be as fair from your soft bright eyes,  
As ye bend o'er my waves' fresh harmonies ?  
Will your breath be as sweet on the golden dawn—  
On the sun-flushed eve, as in summers gone ?  
See ! my glad waves dance with as wild play,  
As if summer parted but yesterday ;  
And the pleasant breath of the southern breeze  
Sings its old sweet song through the rustling trees ;  
And the forest-monarch, the tall wild deer,  
Fleet as ever darts on in his proud career.

Yet o'er yon green hillock the young leaves sigh,  
And the wind floats sadly and lingering by ;  
Fair heads have fall'n with the falling leaves,  
Warm hearts lie cold where the fresh turf heaves ;

Spring music my waves may sing o'er and o'er—  
Ears that once loved it may hear no more :  
But on, brave waters, in light and power :  
Flash onward, sing onward, this joyous hour ;  
Down from the mountain ; away to the main ;  
Hark : the freed stream laughs at its broken chain.

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## AN AUTUMN LAMENT.

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"The Harvest is passed—the Summer is ended and we are not saved."  
—Jerem. 8-20.

The Summer's past : O Life, O Time :  
Thy morn hath veil'd its golden prime,  
No more wild youth's ecstatic tune  
Floats thro' the odorous woods of June—  
No more through Life's slow darkening skies  
Will gleam Dawn's sunflushed paradise,  
The first star's birth—the song of rills  
The rainbow o'er the glittering hills.  
The flowers' sweet breath—the spring winds sigh  
Speak not to Hope, but Memory—  
And Autumn echoes waft the moan :  
"We are not saved—O Summer flown."

"The Harvest's ended"—Earth hath pour'd  
Her wealth to swell the rich man's hoard ;  
On barns thrice fill'd—on garners piled  
Brown Autumn's mellow sun hath smiled,  
Life's battle, long and bravely fought,  
The Victor's common spoil hath brought  
Wealth's golden flood—Fame's glistening prize,  
The dazzled World's approving eyes—  
Breathe Music's spell—wreath glittering flowers,  
Wealth, Splendor, Beauty—all are ours.  
Joy's cup is drained—Night closeth fast,  
"We are not saved—O Harvest past."

O Summer flown : O Harvest lost ;  
O Soul on Life's cold waters toss'd,  
Vain thy high dreams—thy world's brave strife,  
Thine "eye's desire"—thy pride of life—  
Earth weaves no spell, whose glorious truth  
Brings back Spring's freshness, Love's sweet youth ;  
Faith droops—Hope veils her trustful eyes,  
The Iris fades from Autumn skies—  
And nearer, clearer from the verge  
Of Death's "dark river" floats the dirge,  
While Love, Joy, Beauty, join the moan :  
"O Harvest lost : O Summer flown."

Pierce the cold gloom, O Eastern Star ;  
Light the dark waters clear and far ;  
O'er Life's wild sea of toil and loss  
Guide onward to the Eternal Cross ;  
There Earth's stain'd Soul thy burden cast,  
There white-robed Peace is thine at last ;  
From Life's sad dream the freed Soul wakes,  
Through Death's dark gate the Vision breaks—  
Bright robes—green palms—the illumin'd zone,  
The rainbow round the great white Throne—  
Eternal Summer lights thy brow,  
The Lord of Harvest clasps thee now.

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## THE SLAYING OF THE FIRST-BORN.

---

Midnight, moonless, starless, black—  
Silent, save a lone faint shiver  
Floating melancholy back  
From the old Nile's restless river.

Is yon spectral light the Dawn  
From the Orient journeying on,  
Tell to Isis' laggard Priest  
Morn is hovering in the East ;  
Gods : the black vault rends asunder,  
As if stirr'd by unheard thunder :

And a mass of ghostly light  
Floateth down the breast of night.  
Ha : within that charnel gleaming  
Looms some Form of awful seeming ;  
Nearer, 'tis a warlike Phantom,  
Pale grey shadows clothe and haunt him,  
Death and Terror hovering round him  
In a battle garb have wound him ;  
From his eyes cold lightnings glance,  
Motionless his fire-clad lance.  
Hush ! he stays his war-cloud now  
O'er the death-doom'd City's brow—  
Lo, her hour of judgment's near ;  
O'er her the Destroyer bendeth,  
From his cloud the Shape descendeth—  
Gods of Egypt, hear.

Slowly down the silent street,  
Lo, the Phantom gliding—  
By the Pharaoh's royal seat,  
Lo, the Terror biding ;  
And the death lance poised on high,  
Strikes the lintel noiselessly ;  
And a dirge-like wailing falls  
On the Pharaoh's royal halls,  
As if princely life was fleeting,  
As if Death with kings were meeting.  
Now the shadowy Form's before  
The weak Bondman's lowly door,  
And the ghostly arm on high  
Lifts the death lance threateningly.  
Hath he struck ? Is that the moan  
For the young slave's spirit flown ,  
There's a token glistening there  
In the fiery lance's glare,  
Like a flash of bloody light  
Streams its crimson on the night ;  
See, the Phantom shape obey  
The red symbol's potent ray.  
And the Bondman sleepeth well,  
For his God hath framed the spell.

On the midnight rose the cry  
Of a Nation's agony,  
And the moan spread—wailing, wailing,  
Till the stars in Dawn were paling.

Morn on Egypt's wailing coast,  
Lo, the Nation's gathering host,  
Lo, before their Vanguard gliding,  
Heaven's cloud-column eastward guiding ;  
Centuries of bondage past,  
Israel's race is freed at last.

---

### ABRAHAM.

---

Out of Heaven the deep Voice came—  
" Abraham ! "—" Abraham ! "

Take thy Son—thine only Son  
Isaac—the long promis'd One—  
Get thee to the far off Land  
Where Moriah's mountains stand  
Offer there, thy household lamb  
Abraham !—Abraham !

Thrice the stars have paled in Dawn,  
Son and Father journey on,  
One—with lightsome heart and eye,  
One—in Faith's deep agony—  
" Father : fire and wood we bring,  
" Where the lamb for offering ?  
" Son—the Lord will find his lamb ; "  
Abraham !—O ! Abraham !

Lo ! Moriah's mountain height  
Tremulous in noon's hot light—  
O'er it in the purple air  
Floats a snow cloud pure and fair  
Such as later years could see  
O'er the mount of Bethany  
Whence the ascending Saviour pass'd  
Earth's great offering, purest—last.

Lo ! the appointed spot is near'd,  
 Lo ! the rock built Altar rear'd—  
 On the pyre the Victim lies—  
 Rais'd the knife for sacrifice—  
 When the deep Voice spake command  
 From the white cloud "Stay thine hand!"  
 "Man of Faith—thus prov'd and tried  
 "In the fire thrice purified."  
 "By Myself, Lo ! I have sworn  
 "From thee Nations shall be born—  
 "Countless as the stars on high  
 "As the sands on shore that lie—  
 "In the strife thy seed shall rise  
 "Victors o'er their enemies,  
 "Bless'd forever in thy name—  
 "Bless'd for faithful Abraham."

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## THE MARTIAL MUSIC OF ENGLAND.

---

"Perpetually encircling the habitable globe with an unbroken succession of the martial airs of England."—*Webster.*

The martial notes of England  
 By mountain, vale and river,  
 O'er wild and deep thro' the broad world sweep—  
 Bold Freedom's music e'er.  
 A thousand triumphs swell the strain,  
 A thousand breathings high,  
 Worth—Honor—Chivalry—Domain—  
 Britain and Victory !  
 No lonely sea, no savage zone  
 But echo's back their conquering tone ;  
 While in the free heaven's smiles,  
 As stirr'd with the triumphant notes,  
 On high the Battle-Glory floats—  
 The Red Cross of the Isles.

'Tis morn on green Australia's woods—  
The broad Pacific's kindling floods,  
Flush'd with warm sunlight glow :  
A trumpet wakes the silent dawn,  
A war-drum sweeps its summons on—  
Far, far the glad sounds flow.  
O'er spicy wave and Indian isle,  
Such strains still greet the day-god's smile,  
Break the bold Briton's rest—  
Fort William's stern reveille beats,  
O'er realm and main the brave sound fleets—  
O'er the wild Afghan's far retreats  
To Ghuznee's vanquish'd crest.

Awake ! Pale giant of the Cape—  
The sunlight gilds thy phantom shape ;  
Wake " Mount of Lions," stern and hoar,  
'Tis morn on Afric's golden shore—  
Then the bold echoes ring.  
Answers the Spaniard's aerial height—  
Gray Malta's tempest-scoffing might,  
Ionia's isles of song and light,  
Hear the wild music sing.  
Nor silent sleeps th' Atlantic wave—  
The chorus bursts once more  
Up from the Gallic Thunderer's grave—  
Bermuda's summer shore.  
Fair England's voice is swelling now  
Round old Quebec's embattled brow—  
On, on, the war-strains sweep—  
O'er Erie's wave, o'er soft St. Clair,  
Fresh clarions waft the burden there  
O'er Huron's giant deep.  
Lone wood and lake the glad sounds wake,  
Till Columbia's rushing river  
Sweeps its tribute-song to the main along—  
Old England's might forever.

The martial notes of England,  
They have a nobler tale



Than the charging word, the flashing sword,  
 Or the foeman's cloven mail.  
 Wher'er their joyous breath is heard,  
 There Tyranny's dark throne is stirr'd—  
 There man's worst despots fly—  
 Upsprings the slave, his chain is riven—  
 The Christian altar points to Heaven—  
 And Freedom's triumph's nigh.  
 And while a dwelling rests on earth  
 For genius, chivalry, or worth,  
 Shall grateful millions pray :  
 " Let victory bless fair Britain's clime,  
 " Darling of Fame's heroic rhyme—  
 " And perish but with failing Time  
 " The Christian Empire's sway."

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## AN EASTER HYMN.

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He is risen ; Christ is risen ; Death's destroyer from his prison,  
 Glorious in the Paschal sunlight, treads our God the ransomed  
 Earth ;  
 Lo ! the Angel-shape descending—Lo ! the rock-bound dungeon  
 rending,  
 Victory to the seed of woman—Holy be our Easter mirth.

Gone the earthquake and the wonder, and the black graves yawning  
 under,  
 Sheeted phantoms upward gliding—fiery lightnings launch'd  
 abroad,  
 And the veil-screen rent asunder, and the war of judgment thunder  
 Earth in fear and darkness hiding from the death scene of her God.

He is risen—joyful voices on Tiberias' sparkling sea ;  
 Spring hath strewn her fairest colours on the vales of Galilee ;  
 Grey Tabor stands transfigur'd in the flush of golden light,  
 And Jordan through his bursting vines is flashing clear and bright

He is risen ! He is risen ! and His earliest word was " Peace ; "  
 He hath shewn the spear-pierc'd body—He hath made the Doubter  
 cease ;  
 He hath rais'd the veil of Scripture as He taught the journeying  
 twain ;  
 With His own Apostle-Fishers He hath " broken bread " again.  
 He is risen—On the Olive Mount a hush'd and raptur'd band,  
 Listening for His latest blessing, round a white-rob'd Presence  
 stand ;  
 There's a snowy cloud above them in the deep blue heaven alone—  
 Now the watchers' gaze is upwards—now the Conqueror is gone.  
 Ye who watched your King's ascension, ye on whom their mantle fell,  
 Guardians of the flock He cherish'd, keep His latest mandate well—  
 At the trumpet of the judgment, gather'd in from sea and shore,  
 Shall the Faithful and the Faithless hear that awful Voice once more.  
 Feed the lambs that throng his pastures—preach o'er earth the  
 Crucified ;  
 In the Triune Name He taught ye bear His Baptism far and wide.  
 Over Death and Sin's last strongholds be your blood-red Cross  
 unfurl'd—  
 Victory ! He is with ye always to the judgment of the world.

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### THE ASHES OF WICLIFF.

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They laid his bones in Lutterworth  
 A quiet home of English earth—  
 Amid his flock the Shepherd slept,  
 Familiar eyes his parting wept—  
 And years—long years roll'd by—  
 While greener lived his word and name  
 And many a heart's best blessing came  
 To gild his memory  
 And vice and fraud their triumph sung  
 When Death had hush'd his burning tongue,  
 Even when his bones to dust were turn'd  
 Beyond the grave Rome's vengeance burn'd  
 His awful Shade seem'd ever near—  
 His warning Voice still echoed clear—

So—came the mandate forth—  
“Go! Tear the accursed from the grave  
“Scatter his dust o’er field and wave—  
“Void be his place on Earth.”

They lay the charnel’s secrets bare,  
The awful dust unmask—  
Priest—Sumner—Friar, are martial’d there,  
To bless the godless task.

They tear the relics from the shroud,  
High springs the flames red glow—  
Anathema and curse ring loud  
As they tramp on their mighty foe—  
“Yon brook will bear him to the Deep  
“Far as our deadliest curse can sweep—  
“Cast out his poisonous clay.”

The scatter’d dust the menials lift  
And down the waves of the rippling Swift  
His ashes float away.

And swift to Avon’s broader tides  
The flashing brooklet’s water guides  
And Avon sweeps through vale and wood  
To melt in Severn’s kingly flood—

And Severn calm and free  
Bears downward on his swelling wave  
The holy freight that Avon gave—  
Triumphant, to the Sea.

Dust unto dust—the seed is sown,  
Broadcast to Earth’s remotest zone  
Wherever Faith’s eternal light  
Flashes through gloom of error’s night—  
Wher’er is borne through toil and loss  
The unclasp’d record of the Cross  
Where Christian freedom’s glorious voice  
Bids the crush’d heart of slave rejoice—  
There Wicliff’s scattered ashes rest  
There is his splendid story bless’d  
O! Memory of immortal youth;  
O! morning-star of Gospel truth!

## SERENADE.

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She sleeps—she sleeps in her beauty's light  
In the quiet rest of a folded flower  
With the eyes of the blue midsummer night  
Drowsily watching her silent bower—  
Soft—breathe soft from the Lover's lute  
Soft—for the Starlit Earth is mute—  
As a Dream's faint voice—as a stream's light flow  
Let music haunt her—soft—soft and low.

Wandering airs through the silent sky  
Stir not a leaf on the drooping brow—  
Holy and sweet be the lullaby  
That floats round the Maiden's pillow now  
Elves and Fays of the starlit Earth  
Let no echo answer your frolic mirth  
Let silence brood o'er the hush of night—  
She sleeps—she sleeps—in her beauty's light.

She sleeps—she sleeps—there are visions fair  
Born to hover o'er Beauty's rest:  
Gleams of Paradise—lustrous—rare,  
Blue seas sparkling round islands bless'd—  
Hush! e'en the note of Love's softest strain—  
Lest it break her Dreamlands enchanted reign—  
Let the last notes whisper their dying close—  
She sleeps—O! break not that sweet repose.